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EDITORIAL

A FLURRY OF SPASMS

When a nation has no coherent foreign policy, it reacts spasmodically to events. We have seen that diplomatic truism illustrated in the frenzy of declarations, warnings, threats, military plans and commitments to action that have followed the assassination of Anwar el-Sadat.

Egypt has been promoted to our Number One ally/client in the Middle East. The Sudan's borders with Libya and Chad have suddenly become vital. Giant maneuvers involving our Rapid Deployment Force, with paratroopers dropping into the desert and live bombs falling from round-tripping B-52s, are scheduled.

Secretary of State Alexander Haig denies that we have made any new commitments over there, as the Sudan's President, Gaafar al-Nimeiry, claims we have. Haig says the claim is "somewhat overdrawn" and disavows a "purpose to draw specific lines in the sand."

In all this reactive spasm, Israel has not been forgotten; rather it is seen in exclusively military terms. That is, the doctrine of American strategic cooperation with Israel (i.e., using it as a U.S. base) is aimed solely at countering imagined Soviet military initiatives, not at applying pressure for rational diplomatic accommodations. And Israel, which seems to benefit from chaos in the Arab world, will improve neither its own security nor the free world's.

For comic relief, we have the funeral delegation of ex-Presidents, the three blind mice, each with his own detail from the Secret Service, the outfit that trained Sadat's sky-gazing bodyguards. During the journey, Jimmy Carter and Gerald Ford came out of the closet on the question of dealing with the Palestine Liberation Organization. Richard Nixon paid a mystery visit to our authoritarian Saudi friends.

One day an American government will get serious about our policy toward the Middle East.

WRITERS TOGETHER
Toni Morrison

THE PENTAGON AND THE RED MENACE
William M. Arkin
Michael T. Klare

MEETING IN CANCÚN
Penny Lernoux

W.H. AUDEN
Richard Howard

FRANK O'CONNOR
Geoffrey Stokes

THE F.B.I. IN THE YARD

HOOVER GOES TO HARVARD

SIGMUND DIAMOND

In a previous article in *The Nation*, using documents made available through the Freedom of Information Act, I reported that Yale University had cooperated with the Federal Bureau of Investigation in probes of alleged Communists on campus beginning in 1949 and continuing into the 1950s [see Diamond, "God and the F.B.I. at Yale," April 12, 1980]. Did a similar arrangement exist at Harvard? F.B.I. reports obtained under the F.O.I.A. suggest that it did.

Let me say that by "arrangement" I mean an *official policy* of cooperation, whether informal or explicit, overt or covert. F.B.I. activity in Harvard Yard does not of itself indicate the existence of such a relationship; the activity could have gone on without the knowledge of university authorities—or, indeed, in the face of their opposition. Even if some university personnel cooperated with the F.B.I., they might have done so out of personal motives, such as an attempt to curry favor, the hope of forestalling an investigation and the attendant publicity, or a sense of patriotic duty, rather than in accordance with official university policy.

The distinction is crucial. For the documents reveal that the F.B.I. did recruit a number of informants at Harvard and that it engaged in such a wide variety of activities there that the question of whether such cooperation followed university policy inevitably arises. A few examples of the F.B.I.'s entree into Harvard Yard will illustrate what I mean.

A March 12, 1953, memorandum from the SAC (Special Agent in Charge) in Boston to F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover in Washington, D.C., headed "Harvard College Observ- ator[illegible]/Information Concerning" reported a

(*Continued on Page 405*)

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LETTERS.

EGYPTIAN SISTER

Boston

Dr. Nawal Saadawi, an Egyptian writer and physician, is a key figure in the emerging Arab women's movement. Her numerous books on women in the Arab world constitute a courageous and vivid critique of their present situation as well as presenting a path-breaking exploration of the roots of their oppression. *Hidden Face of Eve*, her sole book translated into English (Beacon Press, 1982), brought her to the attention of activists in the English-speaking world. Saadawi, who has served as head of both the women's program for the United Nations in Africa and the women's program for the U.N. Economic Commission for Western Asia, has been a frequent speaker at international forums on women and was scheduled to visit the United States in the fall of 1981.

On September 6, Saadawi was arrested by order of the late President Anwar el-Sadat of Egypt, along with more than 1,500 Egyptian secular and religious leaders and political and cultural figures. In a letter from Egypt, a close associate of Saadawi's describes her arrest:

> A bevy of policemen broke into her flat, where she was alone at the time, and took her away to an unknown place. Up to the time of this letter, her family has had no news of her. She is being held under the so-called "Law for the Protection of Values from Shame" (Law No. 90), which permits keeping her in detention for a period of six months, with a possible extension to one year without her being able to take any legal action. . . .

While President Sadat vaguely charged that those arrested had contributed to "sectarian strife," the reality is that a broad cross section of Egyptian intellectuals are now behind bars, many of whom, like Saadawi, oppose the mixing of religion and politics. . . . We ask you to join with us in an urgent appeal to the Egyptian government to restore democratic rights and freedom of expression in Egypt and to release Nawal Saadawi and the other detainees. Our voices can make a difference.

Prof. Irene Gendzier, Boston University
Carol Grossman, Women's Equity Action League
Mary Ann Lash, Beacon Press
Prof. Salvador Luria, Nobel Laureate
Rev. Dr. Peter Sabey, Ecumenical Council, University of Massachusetts
Mary Alice Theiler, National Lawyers Guild
George Wald, Nobel Laureate

IN PRAISE OF HARRISON

Cottage Grove, Ore.

I am stirred by Barbara Grizzuti Harrison's "Lies, Truth and Ideologues" [*The Nation*, Oct. 3]. Her unclouded reasoning and her clarity of mind and speech make me want to write a thousand more books—better books than I've had the time to write before. She also makes me want to take singing lessons so that I can sing her praises everywhere I go.

With or without a union, can a writer do more for other writers than what she has accomplished in this urgent statement of her beliefs?

Kay Boyle

IGNORING THE VICTIM

Tumbling Shoals, Ark.

There is a relentless determinism in Edward Bunker's article, "The String Snaps" [*The Nation*, Sept. 5], which argues that we are inexorably what our parent, society, makes us. So stated, we are led to feel compassion for the person who murders. The murdered victim remains faceless and is, of course, "blameless." At what point are we responsible for our actions, if ever? Why do we have such compassion for the criminal while we refuse to delve into the hopes and aspirations of the person who received the fatal knife-thrust? Was the victim a plastic man who gushed synthetic blood, a spiritual nonentity? Perhaps Bunker would be willing to complete his story and not give us a partial analysis.

It would help us, in addition, if he could give us reasons why we should not direct our repressed hostilities toward the first person who sufficiently annoys us. Bunker's analysis is based on a philosophical extremism that appears to allow no room for individual responsibility. We desperately need to arrive at a composite view that recognizes the interaction of society and the individual and a mutuality of guilt-responsibility.

Gene Kreves

BUNKER REPLIES

Brooklyn, N.Y.

I believe that each of us is bounded by a fatal circle, circumscribed by too many factors (many of them unknown) to recite here, and beyond that boundary none of us can pass —but within it we are free to choose and to act. That belief assumes responsibility, but the degree of responsibility varies from individual to individual. And if we are not primarily the sum of what we are taught, you this and he that, then what are we and where do we learn?

I explained the way I believe Jack Abbott perceives the world, and thereby explained behavior that otherwise seemed insane. Other publications have made the same point Gene Kreves has made about all concerns being for the criminal. I'm concerned for society, and society should be concerned with the monsters its surrogates create within our juvenile and adult institutions. According to Abbott's ethical system, he probably feels more guilt for turning stool pigeon to get out of prison than for his alleged killing of Richard Adan—but he was not born with that ethical system any more than you were born with yours. If you had been raised in a New Guinea jungle, you would think cannibalism was fine, and if you had been raised in juvenile institutions and prisons, chances are you would feel justified in hurting someone who annoyed you. Of course, whether or not Abbott is truly responsible is immaterial; society must protect itself from what society has created.

Edward Bunker

WATT'S OFFSHORE GIVEAWAY

Novato, Calif.

Fred Cook misses and Leslie Rogers sidesteps the point of Secretary of the Interior James Watt's accelerated offshore lease program and the position of the oil industry in support of it ["Letters," *The Nation*, Sept. 26]. Offshore leasing has nothing to do with increasing oil production to achieve national energy security. . . . Oil may not actually flow from Watt's leases until years after he finishes his second term, if he lasts that long.

The reason Watt is pushing the leases, and the reason industry is supporting him, is speculation. Leases purchased today based on oil values in the range of $30-$35 a barrel will appreciate tremendously by the time they are drilled and producing. Future oil prices are what the industry bets on; present oil prices are what the U.S. Geological Survey sets value on. The difference is and has been worth billions of dollars in windfall profits to the industry.

. . . The Carter Administration forced some companies to either drill or drop tracts they had bought dozens of years ago in the Santa Barbara Channel and had quietly—with the help of a friendly U.S.G.S.—received lease extensions on. Original lease values on the tracts in question were based on $1.50-a-barrel oil, which had risen to $30 and more when Santa Barbara County and the State of California complained, threatened litigation and eventually forced the leases to be rescinded or resold.

Watt wants to delete the drill-or-drop provisions from the Outer Continental Shelf Lands Act, but he will need Congressional approval to do so. That battle remains to be fought. The bottom line, however, is that the oil industry will take all the leases it can get, because then it can lobby to change the law or the regulations to allow them to keep the leases and speculate. What if leased tracts contain no oil? Drilling expenses are tax deductible, i.e., the taxpayers take the risk in this perfectly legal, private speculation with the public's resources.

Patrick Heffernan, former member California O.C.S. Task Force

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EDITORIALS.

Talkin' Union

During the course of the American Writers Congress's hectic three days, someone referred to the event as a "big tent" under which all writers could gather. It was that, and more. Over 3,000 writers of all esthetic and political persuasions, colors, fields and interests—poets and playwrights, prominent and unpublished—attended (many others were turned away after registration closed), proving that these last unreconstructed individualists felt a need to create a sense of community and the organizational structures that would enable them to speak with a collective voice.

Inside the tent were many rings, featuring intellectual high-wire acts, clowns and prounion parades. More than fifty panels, hearings and workshops, and a rowdy plenary session, generated a whirl of ideas, controversy and catharsis. Nearly a thousand people had to be turned away from the keynote addresses on opening night, October 9. The Grand Ballroom of New York City's Roosevelt Hotel was packed to the limit allowed by the fire marshal. The nearly 1,500 persons lucky enough to get inside were treated to eloquent speeches by Meridel LeSueur, who was born with the century and recalled battles and writers' congresses past, and Toni Morrison, novelist and editor, whose impassioned exhortation to "remain at the barricades where we belong" sounded a powerful note that reverberated over the ensuing days.

Perhaps the most striking characteristic of the Congress—and its most stirring success—lay in the diversity of the delegates and panelists. Literary stars like Kurt Vonnegut, E. L. Doctorow, Arthur Miller and Jules Feiffer exchanged views with less famous colleagues. The participants ranged the political spectrum, but the dominant tone of the proceedings was unabashedly and even exuberantly progressive.

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Even so, there was no uniformity of outlook. Far from it. On one panel, Edward Said, author of *Covering Islam* (Pantheon), debated with Karen DeYoung, the foreign editor of *The Washington Post*, the question of whether the Western media's portrayal of the Third World was biased. On another, a lawyer for the Moral Majority defended the right's right to ban books from the schools. Asked by fellow panelist Vonnegut for an example of a book that had led to a criminal act, the lawyer launched into a detailed account of a particularly grisly crime. "I'm sorry I asked," Vonnegut remarked laconically when the lawyer had finished. Philip Agee spoke to one group via long-distance telephone hookup from his exile abroad, while at another colloquium, former Company man Cord Meyer debated dirty tricks with Robert Borosage, director of the Institute for Policy Studies. Andrea Dworkin, Ellen Willis, Deirdre English and Aryeh Neier, among others, argued heatedly at a panel on pornography and the First Amendment. Audiences had their consciousnesses raised on contracts and conglomerates, poetry and power. In short, far from being a controlled monologue, the Congress spoke in a diverse array of voices—some of which had gone unheeded at other writers' conclaves.

Many of those voices were heard at the plenary session on Sunday, October 11. The debate was often passionate, sometimes eloquent, occasionally disruptive. The 1,500 delegates in attendance when the session began at 4 P.M. had dwindled to 200 by the time it adjourned at about 10 P.M. During those six hours, a blizzard of resolutions were passed, affirming the First Amendment, calling for a "Communications Bill of Rights," denouncing "any and all attempts to imprison, detain, harass, abduct, ban, or murder any person for his or her expression" and many more. Some were encased in the tortuous, hortatory prose of committee productions, however valid the issues they raised. Sectarian logomachies broke out during the debates before passage. In a friendly amendment, "minorities" became "nationally oppressed peoples"; the proposition that "gender identification is the first identity given to us at birth" triggered controversy among feminists. An amendment to a resolution on U.S. policy toward South Africa passed in the Congress's closing moments with the disputants and many in the audience still unclear about the precise wording that had been agreed on. Some cared very much about these matters; others were driven to distraction or early drinks. (The final versions of these resolutions will be mailed to all 3,000-plus Congress registrants for their ratification.) In short, the Congress was a completely open one. It was democratic to a fault—and to its everlasting credit.

But the cacophony that marred the plenary session's final hours did not drown out the main message of the long weekend—the need for collective action on behalf of all writers. For in a historic and momentous step, the assembled delegates had voted overwhelmingly for a resolution reading, simply: "The American Writers Congress endorses the principle of a National Writers Union." The Congress went on to adopt a resolution calling for "an alliance of writers organizations." National and regional groups—including P.E.N., the Authors Guild, the Black Writers Union, Media Alliance, Washington Independent Writers, the Feminist Writers Guild and others—discussed ways they could act in common for their varied constituencies. On the final day, a well-attended continuations committee meeting that was open to all delegates elected an executive committee that will implement the decisions of the delegates in the weeks ahead. By this action, the Congress transformed itself into an ongoing national organization with a mandate to defend writers' rights.

To sum up, the Congress took important steps toward building a community of writers. They were beginning steps, to be sure; there was stumbling and divisiveness and single-interest sectarianism, but that is the literary world and the real world, and the Writers Congress more or less reflected both. As the Declaration of Principles adopted at the plenary session made clear, "The unity of writers, if it is to come to pass, must be a unity in diversity."

In the coming weeks, *The Nation* will continue the dialogue on the issues raised at the Congress. Now, we can only hope that because of this gathering, the writer's state in America will never be quite the same. The spirit that animates our hopes was caught in Toni Morrison's keynote address, which we publish below.

Writers Together

I thought, some weeks ago, when I was asked to address the American Writers Congress, that I would help issue some clarion call for change: change in the status of writers, change from the low esteem in which the writing community is held, change that would restore to us the primacy that has been snatched from us, forbidden to us or that we have lost through carelessness and inattention. But your presence here in numbers of over 3,000 means that the change is already taking place.

There is fever here, and while we try to diagnose causes and prescribe measures for healing, it is wise to keep in mind that fever is a sign of deeply disturbed life—but life nonetheless. The life of America's community of writers is under attack. I thought it would be difficult to convince large numbers of us that it was so. I need not have worried. The thunder in your response to the call to the Congress proves that we know full well that the picture of "vitality in the arts" that promoters like to talk about is a false picture. As Michael Kuston reported in England about art in America, there is "an alarming instability beneath the dazzle." Behind the headlines of blockbusters, in best-seller columns, gossip columns and the columns of balance sheets, at the edge of the set in the talk shows, underneath the froth of book fairs and right in the middle of the world of books, something is very wrong. Unpublished writers are struck dumb, previously published writers are canceled, financially "successful" writers are harassed (internally and externally) to stay "successful" at all costs. The bigger the claim of brilliance and the more excessive the boasts of printings, the

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more obvious is the contempt in which we are held. We are toys, things to be played with by little kings who love us while we please, dismiss us when we don't.

Something *is* wrong. The puddle of public funds allocated to writers (always the least amount of all the arts) has been reduced to drops. Government support has been so blasted that it is at the moment a gesture of nickels and dimes so humiliating, so contemptuous of writers, that one is staggered by the sheer gall.

Editors are judged by the profitability of what they acquire, not by the way they edit or the talent they nourish. Major publishers—for whom mere solvency is death—are required to burst with growth or attach themselves to a parent bursting with growth. Otherwise they wither. Small presses that do not starve hang on—hungry, feisty and always in danger of eclipse.

That this notion of the writer as toy—manipulable toy, profitable toy—jeopardizes the literature of the future is abundantly clear. But not only is the literature of the near future endangered; so is the literature of the recent past. This country has had an unsurpassed literary presence in the world for several decades now. But it will be lucky, in the coming decade, if it can hold its own. What emerges as the best literature of the 1980s or even the 1990s may be written elsewhere by other people. Not because of an absence of native genius but because something is very wrong in the writers' community. Writers are less and less central to the idea and subject of literature. Whole schools of criticism have dispossessed the writer of any place whatever in the critical value of his work. Ideas, craft, vision, meaning—all of them are just so much baggage in these critical systems. The text itself is a mere point of departure for philology, philosophy, psychiatry, theology and other disciplines.

The political consequences for minority writers, dissident writers and writers committed to social change are devastating. For it means that there is no way to talk about what we mean, because to mean anything is not in vogue. Just as to feel anything about what one reads is "sentimental" and also not in vogue. If our works are prohibited from having overt or covert meaning—if our meaning has no meaning—then we have no meaning either.

The literature of the past is endangered not only by brilliant intellectualism but also by glaring anti-intellectualism. Apparently there are still such things as books (already written, already loved) that are so evil they must be burnt like witches at the stake for fear of contaminating other books and other minds. Censorship in new and old disguises is rampant. And contempt gives way to fear. There has been a ritual spasm of book-snatching—rivaling that in South Africa for pernicious oppressiveness.

I think it is our sense of that danger to both the future and the past that has brought us here. What is it? Does the danger really come from the monolithic publishers or are they symptoms of some larger malady? Is the disease really local censorship and outraged illiterates, or are those also symptomatic of a larger malady? Is it perhaps the mood of a terrified, defensive, bullying nation no longer sure of what the point is? A nation embarrassed by its own Bill of Rights? Burdened by its own constitutional guarantees and promises of liberty and equal protection under the law? A country so hungry for a purely imagined past of innocence and clarity that it is willing to subvert the future and, in fact, to declare that there is none, in order to wallow in illusion? If that were the case, if the country as a whole decided to have no future—then one of its jobs would be to stifle, fetter and dismiss the artists it could not whip into market shape. Because a writer let loose on the world, uncompromised and untamed, would notice what had become of the country, and might say so.

You can't have unmarketable writers roaming around if you have opted for an improved past in exchange for no future. After all, the future is hard, even dangerous, because it may involve change and it may involve loss. And writers would say that too.

We are, some of us, significant individual writers in the cultural life of a group or of an institution, but as writers we are no longer central to the cultural life of this country.

Is that the reason? The mood of the country? The times we live in? Have we given over our power and our primacy to others? Or is there something frail in the nature of our work? Much of what we as writers do and how we do it is shaped by our belief in the sacredness of the individual artist and his freedom. Individualism in its particularly interesting American form may be at the heart of our dilemma. The idea of the individual in the artistic arena has its own ambivalence and contradiction, just as it does in the political arena: governance by many committed to preserving the rights of a few. Ralph Ellison said: "In the beginning was the Word—and its contradiction."

The idea of the artist as a free individual is like a mother who has spawned two descendants who swear they are not related. One is populism and one is elitism. Each claims "individual artistic freedom" as his true progenitor and believes the other to be alien. Populism, anti-intellectualism, marketplace mentality, commercialism—whatever the word, it rests its case on numbers. How many approved it, bought it. If the numbers are large enough, it must be good.

Elitism rests its case on the conviction that that which is rare is better than that which is plentiful. Elitists do not consider the possibility that that which is rare may simply be scarce (like smallpox), not better. If the numbers are small enough, they believe, it must be good. Both elitists and populists have a wonderful faith in quantity as arbiter of the good: the most or the least. Both champion individualism—either the literary Darwinism of the marketplace or the individual uncontaminated by the taste of the masses. The result of this fratricide is muddle, bitterness and the sad defenselessness that is rife among us. It is this muddled idea of individualism that (misunderstood, misapplied, romanticized) has given us the much-loved portrait of the struggling, suffering artist willingly martyred. The portrait of failure, indifference and rebuff has become so dear to us that we support and enfranchise not the artist but his strug-

(Continued on Page 412)

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DISPATCHES.

■ NAMIBIA: Reagan is 'Enemy Number One'

Luanda, Angola

"The people of Namibia are yearning for peace, but they are prepared to fight as long as it takes to liberate our country from South African occupation," Sam Nujoma, president of the South-West Africa People's Organization (Swapo), told Dispatches in an interview September 29 at his office here.

It was Nujoma's first interview with an American journalist since late August, when South Africa launched its invasion of southern Angola with the ostensible goal of hitting only Swapo base camps. The 51-year-old veteran guerrilla leader denounced the Reagan Administration for using its veto in the United Nations "to shield South Africa" from Security Council condemnation of the invasion. "We consider the Reagan Administration with its policy of collaboration with Pretoria to be the number-one enemy of the people of Namibia," he asserted.

But Nujoma also emphasized that despite Swapo's profound mistrust of Reagan, the organization is prepared to attend a conference on Namibia convened by the United Nations and the so-called "Contact Group," the United States and four other Western powers. A similar conference held last January in Geneva was undermined by South African intransigence. "We want to make clear that we are ready to sign a cease-fire and to cooperate with the United Nations in preparing for free elections in our country in accordance with Resolution 435 of the Security Council," Nujoma stated. "We are prepared to continue the war, but we are also ready for talks."

A prominent Western diplomat here said he was convinced that Swapo was willing to negotiate. "Swapo is not the problem," he said. "The obstacle is Pretoria. The United States must pressure the South Africans if there is to be any hope for a peaceful settlement. Privately, that is what [Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs] Chester Crocker tells us he intends to do—use U.S. leverage to deliver the South Africans. We will see."

Although it is no secret that Swapo receives weapons from the Soviet Union, Cuba and several Eastern European countries, Nujoma denied the South African allegation that Soviet and Cuban advisers accompany Swapo guerrillas in combat. "The captured tanks, trucks and heavy weaponry which the South Africans paraded before the press were the property of Angola," Nujoma said. "Swapo is a guerrilla movement. We don't have tanks."

Nujoma and other Swapo leaders here stress that they have good relations with a number of Western nations and would like to expand these ties. In fact, Swapo already receives so much humanitarian aid from Sweden that the organization, which is invariably described in the U.S. press as "Soviet-backed," could just as accurately be described as "Swedish-backed."

After interviewing Swapo officials and visiting their refugee camps in northern Angola, one is left with the impression that Swapo is a pragmatic, nonaligned movement, which would, once in power, pursue policies similar to those of Robert Mugabe in Zimbabwe. The American media's image of Swapo as a Soviet-trained band of terrorists is as misleading as it was when applied to the Zimbabwean nationalists. Many top Swapo leaders are Western-educated. Moses Garoeb, the organization's administrative secretary, attended Lincoln and Rochester universities in the 1960s and says he was inspired by the civil rights movement in the United States. Swapo leaders frequently speak in socialist rhetoric, but, like their Angolan hosts, they are not opposed to dealing with Western multinationals once their country is independent. And like other liberation movements in southern Africa (M.P.L.A., FRELIMO, A.N.C., ZANU and ZAPU), Swapo has transcended the racism of its South African enemy. There will be no special privileges for whites in an independent Namibia, but they will not be persecuted.

More than 50,000 Namibian refugees are currently living in Swapo-administered camps in Cuanza Norte and Cuanza Sul provinces, about 150 miles east of Luanda. Refugee life is always precarious and harsh, but the camps are impressively well organized. Onesimo Silveira, the head of the U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees office in Luanda, said, "The Namibian refugees here in Angola are better off than any refugees in the world. They have the advantage of being organized politically by Swapo."

While waging a hit-and-run guerrilla war against a formidable South African military force, Swapo is already functioning as a Namibian government in exile and is, in fact, recognized by the United Nations as the sole legitimate representative of Namibia's 1 million people. Confident of its popular support, Swapo is eager to prove it in a U.N.-supervised election. The only question is: When will the Administration "deliver" South Africa?

■ INDIA: No Reservations

Fighting for affirmative action in India can have unexpected and severe consequences, as Ela Bhatt, organizer and leader of the Self-Employed Women's Association (S.E.W.A.) of Ahmedabad, can attest. Bhatt has won recognition in India for her work since 1968 as head of the women's section of the Indian Textile Labor Association (T.L.A.) and, more particularly, for founding S.E.W.A., a union of rag collectors and other poor, self-employed women in Ahmedabad, the capital of Gujarat state. But when she took the side of the Harijans (Untouchables) last spring in a bloody controversy over quotas in Gujarat's medical colleges, Bhatt found herself out in the cold.

The issue seemed clear to her. The 1950 Indian Constitution banned untouchability and decreed a "reservations policy" for the Harijans. Places were reserved for them in schools; mandatory job quotas were established in government and industry. But other Indians have resented the quotas, and last spring that resentment erupted into riots in Gujarat as students demonstrated against the Harijan quota in the state's medical colleges.

Although S.E.W.A. is a member of the T.L.A., the lat-

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ELIZABETH FARNSWORTH AND STEPHEN TALBOT

ter's national board, which is dominated by upper-caste Hindus, refused to take a position on the Gujarat controversy. T.L.A. leaders found their members divided on the issue of affirmative action. S.E.W.A., though, was not divided. It held prayer meetings for its mostly Harijan members and passed resolutions aimed at getting the parties to the negotiating table. Bhatt herself took part in the meetings and spoke out in favor of the quotas.

Shortly after last spring's meetings, the T.L.A. leadership expelled Bhatt and S.E.W.A. from the national organization. The union also withdrew its deposits from a S.E.W.A. cooperative bank. More recently, the T.L.A. has blocked supplies of cheap raw materials to S.E.W.A.'s *chindi* (patchwork quilt) makers.

The Harijan controversy was not the only point of contention between S.E.W.A. and T.L.A. leaders. "T.L.A. leaders run the union on a feudal basis, and it is male-dominated," Bhatt wrote in the Indian women's journal *Manushi*. "When S.E.W.A. women show their little bit of independence and self-dignity, it is being destroyed."

Evicted from its headquarters in the T.L.A. building, S.E.W.A. now has its offices in a space donated by the International Textile Garments Federation of Belgium. "S.E.W.A. will not die," vows Bhatt. But it has been forced to pay a high price for its principles.

■ WEST GERMANY: 'Catastrophe Medicine'

In recent months, nuclear war has become a matter of almost obsessive concern in West Germany. Newspapers have carried articles exploring the subject from every conceivable angle. The popular *Der Spiegel* serialized *The Planned Inferno*, a futuristic novel by Horst Eberhard Richter that tells how World War III started and ultimately destroyed civilization. In West Germany, as in the United States, nuclear war is increasingly discussed as a probability.

During the last two years, several articles about preparing for nuclear war have appeared in West Germany's leading medical journals. The term "catastrophe medicine" has been widely used and, although the articles have avoided any mention of war, the "catastrophe" referred to was clearly a nuclear attack. The German Academy for the Continuing Education of Physicians recently sent a questionnaire to doctors in Rhineland Phalz to find out the extent of their knowledge about this new medical field. The doctors were asked such questions as: "How do you understand the term 'triage'?" and "How effective is an air-conditioned basement against atomic radiation?" Analyzing the responses, a member of the academy wrote that 2,000 of the 8,000 doctors in Rhineland Phalz were already familiar with "the new problems."

Some West German medical schools now offer courses in the subject, and U.S. Air Force doctors recently participated in a lecture series on catastrophe medicine at Gutenberg University in Mainz. And a textbook, *Catastrophe Medicine*, which relies almost entirely on research done by the military, has recently been published.

Not surprisingly, a group of West German doctors—many of whom are leading members of the medical establishment—are opposed to catastrophe medicine. On September 19 and 20, 1,400 doctors attended the Medical Congress for the Prevention of Nuclear War in Hamburg. The organizers of the congress denounced catastrophe medicine as a "thin cover for war medicine" that makes nuclear war more palatable. "This is a degradation of medical ethics," wrote two of the congress's organizers in *Die Zeit*. "It happened in the Nazi period, and we can't let it happen again."

Like their counterparts in the U.S. group Physicians for Social Responsibility, doctors at the West German congress vowed to broadcast the message that there can be no effective medical care after a nuclear war. "We will be dying like everyone else," wrote Dr. Hartmut Hanausche-Abel and Dr. Gustav Obermair in *Die Zeit*. "Whatever doctors survive will be sent to help the military. Civilians will be left to die."

■ UPDATE: M.I.A.s in Laos

Still another effort to find the remains of American servicemen missing in action in Laos has come to naught, and the operation may have blocked future negotiations on M.I.A.s between the governments of the two countries. Last July, Robert W. Schwab, a former political and military analyst for the United States in Vietnam who says he is now a "private citizen," turned over to the U.S. Embassy in Bangkok, Thailand, the remains of what he believed to be four American servicemen. His well-publicized trip with Laotian antigovernment groups to the supposed crash site of an American military plane raised the hopes—and fears—of M.I.A. families.

Schwab told the families he had faith in the "bona fide Laotian resistance units." He said an earlier mission to look for P.O.W.s, financed and organized by the United States [see Dispatches, *The Nation*, June 27], had failed because the U.S. Government had acted on information obtained from unreliable elements in the resistance forces. Because of his experience in Vietnam and Laos—the July mission was his fifth trip into Laos with guerrillas since 1978—Schwab was trusted by the M.I.A. families, who provided part of the funding for his work.

Last month, the families learned that Schwab was fallible. The Pentagon quietly announced that an analysis by the U.S. Army's Central Identification Laboratory in Hawaii had demonstrated that the remains delivered by Schwab—as well as other remains brought out of Laos in August—were of Asians, not Americans.

Schwab's highly publicized trek may actually have set back State Department efforts to gain the cooperation of Laotian leaders on the M.I.A. issue. Officials in Vientiane do not look kindly on the publicity or the payoffs that Schwab and the M.I.A. families have given to antigovernment guerrillas promising information on the lost servicemen.

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ARTICLES.

THE PENTAGON'S RED MENACE

'Soviet Military Power,' or a Case Not Made

WILLIAM M. ARKIN

When Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger appeared before a Congressional committee earlier this year to testify on defense appropriations, he said he was amazed by the growth of Soviet military power since he had last been involved in defense matters. A few weeks later, at his first press conference, when asked how he knew that the Soviet Union was militarily superior to the United States, Weinberger replied that this conclusion "was based primarily on some numbers considerations that I [have] seen." And when he shared these numbers with his North Atlantic Treaty Organization counterparts, they were reportedly so shocked that they asked him to declassify what he had told them so they could bring it to the attention of the people back home.

Thus the revelations of the magnitude of Soviet military might that so amazed Weinberger have been assembled in a ninety-nine-page Defense Department report called "Soviet Military Power," which was unveiled on September 29 at a press conference beamed live via satellite to Europe. The report was immediately hailed in the U.S. press as, in the words of one writer, "an unprecedented Department of Defense release." Actually, there is little in it that is unprecedented, let alone new. "Soviet Military Power" is riddled with factual errors and flawed analysis.

It would be unfortunate if the American people or our allies accepted this report as proof that the United States is militarily inferior to the Soviet Union. "Soviet Military Power" is fundamentally misleading because it does not include any analysis of the relative strengths of the two superpowers. Such a comparison would quickly demonstrate that the military buildup proposed by President Ronald Reagan is unnecessary. The United States and its allies lead the Soviet Union and its allies in the critical areas of military spending, armed forces, sea power and nuclear warheads. The Administration's refusal to recognize this, its inability to articulate a military and foreign policy that could justify the increases in arms spending it has asked Congress to pass, and its failure to propose a level of military preparedness that would protect the nation without increasing the danger of a cataclysmic war are glaringly evident in every page of the Pentagon report, with its simplistic obsession with numbers and its exaggerated claims of Russian strength.

As an attempt to shock skeptical Europeans who oppose the U.S. military buildup, the report is particularly unconvincing. Fewer than 400 words are devoted to European theater nuclear forces. Russia's SS-20 missile turns out to be considerably less formidable than it was reputed to be. Although prepublication rumors promised satellite photographs of the missile, there is only a two-page drawing. The weapon is described as "highly mobile," but the drawing shows it in a prepared revetment, surrounded by auxiliary vehicles. The missile certainly looks quite stationary, and Defense Department officials have admitted that its cross-country mobility is limited and that it must be fired from presurveyed and prepared sites. The need for such sites, and a reference in the report to "bases" under construction for sixty-five new missile launchers, contradict previous Pentagon claims that American spy satellites would have trouble pinpointing the location of each missile. The SS-20's "reaction time"—the time needed to launch—is said to be more than an hour, much greater than was previously thought. There is some information in the report on the weapon's reloading and refiring capabilities, but none of it is news. Indeed, the information had been released by the Joint Chiefs of Staff as long ago as 1979. Given its long reaction time and U.S. ability to target it accurately, the SS-20 is, by the Pentagon's own figures, much less of a threat than propaganda would have it.

Indeed, the report's claim that "the firepower of the [Soviet Union's] theater strategic nuclear missile forces is being greatly multiplied" is false. While there may be an increase in the number of warheads once the older SS-4 and SS-5 missiles are replaced by multi-warhead SS-20s, the total megatonnage (explosive firepower) of the SS-20s, with their lower-yield warheads, will be less.

The report is also reassuring about other aspects of Soviet theater and conventional capabilities. We learn that forty-five long-range missiles based at "fixed, vulnerable sites" and aimed at Europe have been retired since January, and more will be withdrawn soon. Although Soviet Army divisions have increased in size and number, they earn a low "readiness rating" from the Defense Intelligence Agency. Ninety-seven of the 150 divisions are at less than 50 percent of their authorized strength, and 134 are not combat-ready under the criteria the Pentagon applies to U.S. forces. Russian production of many categories of military equipment—self-propelled artillery, multiple-rocket launchers, antiaircraft artillery, helicopters, aircraft and naval combat ships—has actually gone down in the last five years, contrary to the report's grim allusion to a "pace that shows no sign of slackening." Judging from performance figures on Soviet planes, the Western powers continue to enjoy a marked superiority in range and bomb capacity over the Soviet Air Force.

In the nuclear realm, the report tells us that the number of

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strategic warheads in the Soviet Union has not changed since January 1981, and it appears that Pentagon predictions of widespread SS-18 missile deployments were pessimistic. With 9,000 strategic warheads, the United States still has about 2,000 more than the Soviet Union. The Soviet MIRVed missile deployment program thus appears to be an attempt to catch up with the United States. Nearly 30 percent of Russia's strategic warheads must be launched from submarines or bombers, which means they are less accurate than land-based missiles and thus not a first-strike counterforce threat. The Soviet Union's supposed advances in refire capability, a favorite right-wing argument for impeding arms control, is partially dismissed by the report's statement that "the Soviets probably cannot refurbish and reload silo launchers in a period less than several days." The report devotes six pages to the huge Soviet air defense forces, perhaps because they represent something the Soviet Union has that we don't. The report does not explain, however, the reason we don't: previous administrations determined that a large strategic air defense program would be a waste of resources and poor strategy.

The Pentagon's estimates of Soviet technological capabilities are also vastly overstated. The United States still leads in the areas of microcircuitry, computerization and miniaturization, all central to the development of modern weapons. The claim that the Soviet Union is ahead of the United States in space technology, lasers and high-energy weapons is the closest the report comes to listing specific Soviet programs that call for an American response. But the Russians are a long way from translating their research into weapons that would be a threat to the United States. In space technology, for instance, the United States uses smaller and much more efficient and long-lived satellites than the Soviet Union does. Thus the fact that the Soviet Union launches more and heavier satellites is a sign of weakness rather than strength. In short, the United States is ahead of the Soviet Union in military space technology.

The information in this report was already available to professional military analysts and the press. It is particularly unfortunate, therefore, that claims made by the Pentagon are being taken by some at face value as revelations of overwhelming Soviet might.

The Soviet Union's obsession with the defense of its borders and the acquisition of military overkill capabilities in order to deal with its major adversary, the United States—and also with the NATO countries, China, Japan and restive allies in Eastern Europe—is well documented in "Soviet Military Power." The report's factual flaws and misstatements thus should not be taken as proof that the Soviet Union is weak or that it is not a threat to peace. But the contention that "the correlation of forces has shifted in Moscow's favor" could not be further from the truth. Actually, the balance of military power between the United States and the U.S.S.R. is such that neither side could carry out its military and political objectives against the other with any assurance of success.

Only an objective assessment of the military capabilities of both powers can provide a basis for sound policy and reasonable spending and planning criteria. This report will not convince the people of Europe that the Pentagon knows best. □

The Feeble Giant

MICHAEL T. KLARE

It is generally agreed by experts on both sides of the Iron Curtain that neither the United States nor the Soviet Union could achieve a victory in a war in Europe and its surrounding waters. Although each side enjoys some advantages in this region—the Soviet bloc in tanks and artillery, the United States and its allies in antitank missiles and naval firepower—they are not sufficient to insure success in either a nuclear or a conventional war.

Accordingly, much of the current debate about Soviet capabilities concerns its military potential in other areas of confrontation, such as Africa, Asia and the Middle East. It is in these parts of the world that war is most likely to break out, and it is there that the Russians are supposed to have made their greatest gains in recent years. The Defense Department's report "Soviet Military Power" devotes considerable discussion to the strength of Soviet forces in these areas.

In military terminology, units whose primary mission is fighting overseas are called "power projection forces." Such forces normally include surface warships (aircraft carriers, cruisers, destroyers, etc.), amphibious assault forces and marines; overseas-based ground forces and tactical aircraft; airborne and rapid-deployment forces; and strategic mobility forces (i.e., transport planes and ships used to carry these forces to the area of conflict). The armies of allies and proxies are customarily included in a nation's overall power projection capability.

Although these capabilities are generally given less weight than nuclear forces and European-based ground elements in calculating the East-West military balance, the authors of "Soviet Military Power" pay an enormous amount of attention to them. In the preface, Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger warns that "Western strategic interests" are especially threatened by the intrusion "of Soviet power far from Soviet shores" and by Moscow's "use of proxy forces to support revolutionary factions and conflict. . . ." This concern with Moscow's expanding presence in the Third World constitutes a major theme of the Pentagon's study and reflects a growing U.S. preoccupation with political developments and power relationships there. Hence, "Soviet Military Power" tells us far more about American priorities than it does about Soviet capabilities and objectives.

The most startling revelation of "Soviet Military Power" concerning Soviet power projection forces is that the Russians have any at all. With obvious reluctance, the authors of

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the study admit that as recently as ten years ago, the Soviet Union had no overseas capability whatsoever. With regard to naval forces, for instance, they say: "Over the past two decades the Soviet Navy has been transformed from *a basically coastal defense force* into an ocean-going force designed to extend the military capability of the USSR well out to sea. . . ." Then, speaking of amphibious forces, the authors note that the Russians now "have in hand, *or are developing*, the elements necessary to provide a formidable projection into distant waters." (Emphasis added.) The salient point here is that the Soviet Union entered comparatively recently an area where the West has long enjoyed a virtual monopoly; indeed, it is the *simple act of entry*, rather than the size of the forces, that most alarms U.S. strategists. What forces have the Russians built up in this area in the past ten or twenty years, and how do they stack up against U.S. forces?

"Soviet Military Power" devotes considerable attention to the new classes of surface warships recently introduced into the Russian fleet. These include the Kiev-class VSTOL (vertical/short takeoff and landing) aircraft carrier, the Kirov-class nuclear-powered guided missile cruiser, the Sovremennyy-class guided missile destroyer and the Udaloy-class antisubmarine warfare (ASW) destroyer. As the Pentagon study notes, these are large, powerful warships that are the equal of American vessels in these categories. But the study neglects to mention that in their determination to produce modern, ocean-going warships, the Russians have *reduced* the rate of surface warship construction. As obsolete ships are retired (many Soviet destroyers, for instance, are twenty or more years old and nearing the end of their service life), the total size of the Russian fleet will actually decline. The United States mothballed most of its older warships in the 1970s, and with a major ship construction program underway, the U.S. Navy is now expanding rather than contracting. (One of the few revealing bits of information in "Soviet Military Power" is that the Russians have only twelve major surface warships under construction—compared with forty-two for the United States.)

Also missing from the Pentagon study is any acknowledgement that the Soviet Navy lacks true aircraft carriers. The Kiev-class VSTOL carriers and the older Moskva-class helicopter carriers are described in a section titled "Aircraft Carriers" as if they were equivalent to America's multipurpose attack carriers. But the Moskva-class carries only ASW helicopters, and the Kiev-class can carry only helicopters and a small number of VSTOL planes of limited range and questionable utility. Neither can accommodate high-performance combat planes with a deep-penetration attack capability like U.S. carrier-borne A-6s and A-7s. What is more, previous predictions that the Soviet Union would have a real carrier by the 1990s are downgraded from probable to possible by the Pentagon. And, as the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff noted in their "Military Posture Statement" for fiscal 1982, "the lack of sea-based tactical air support greatly limits Soviet ability to carry out amphibious landings against heavy opposition."

We find a similar pattern of exaggeration in the report's section on naval infantry and airborne forces. The Soviet Naval Infantry is admitted to be "small by comparison" with the U.S. Marine Corps (at one-sixteenth the size—12,000 men compared with 189,000 men—"minuscule" would be more appropriate) and then is incorrectly described as the "second largest marine force in the world." (Taiwan, South Korea and Thailand have larger forces, with 31,000, 23,000 and 14,000 marines respectively.) The seven Soviet airborne divisions are jointly equivalent in size to the two U.S. airborne divisions (the 82nd and the 101st), but they lack the helicopter mobility and combat "staying power" of their U.S. equivalents. In a statement more conspicuous for its qualifiers than for anything else, the Pen-

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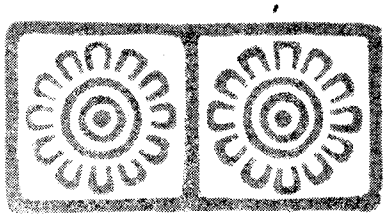

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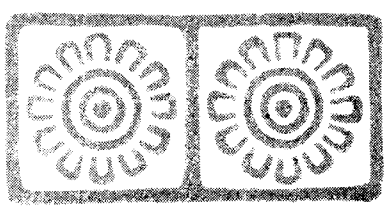

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tagon study notes: "While lightly equipped and not suitable for operations against a well armed adversary, the combat elements of an airborne division . . . could overwhelm the indigenous forces of a number of less developed countries, at least in the initial stages of an assault." As could be expected, the report fails to mention the Rapid Deployment Force, a large U.S.-based formation committed to overseas operations, for which there is no equivalent in the Soviet Union.

As far as tactical airpower is concerned, we learn that the Russians have a large and modern air combat capability, most of which is committed to Eastern Europe and the Chinese-Russian border. These forces could be used in Third World areas adjacent to the Soviet Union, as they have been in Afghanistan. But because, unlike American planes, they cannot be refueled in flight—a fact the report neglects to mention—they cannot easily be redeployed to combat theaters elsewhere. And the 775 combat planes in the Soviet naval air force are no match for the 1,675 planes in the combined U.S. Navy and Marine Corps air forces, most of which can be launched from aircraft carriers.

Finally, though the Russians have a large and growing amphibious and strategic airlift force, we are not told that the equipment is vastly inferior to that of the United States. With 600 aircraft, the Soviet air transport fleet is roughly equivalent in size to the U.S. fleet, but Soviet transport planes are smaller than and inferior in performance to their American counterparts, and they lack an air-refueling capability (a crucial liability that goes unmentioned in the Pentagon study). The Soviet amphibious fleet outnumbers the U.S. fleet (ninety-three Soviet ships versus sixty-five U.S. ships), but even the Pentagon admits that only twenty-five of the Soviet ships are true "ocean-going" vessels, and the largest of these, the 13,000-ton Ivan Rogov, is no match for our 40,000-ton Tarawa-class helicopter assault ships.

These comments do not, of course, represent a thorough comparison of Soviet and U.S. projection capabilities, but they do indicate that Soviet military power turns out to be less threatening than the Pentagon claims it is. Thus, while there is no doubt that the Russians have a greater capability for intervention abroad than they did a decade ago, it falls far short of what the United States can bring to bear and, given Moscow's lack of true aircraft carriers, could not be used against any well-armed opponent. To be sure, the Russians could employ the proxy forces of their allies and clients in overseas operations, but such forces have many liabilities and, in any case, could be neutralized by the forces of countries aligned with the United States, such as Britain, France, Israel, Egypt, Morocco, Pakistan, Indonesia and Thailand. There is no evidence, therefore, that "the correlation of forces has shifted in Moscow's favor." Indeed, if we consider Russia's loss of former allies like Indonesia, China, Somalia and Egypt, plus the deteriorating situation in Afghanistan, the evidence would appear to suggest the opposite interpretation. The Soviet Union may be an expansionist-minded giant, as the Pentagon study asserts, but when compared with the United States, it is a relatively feeble one. □

MEETING AT CANCÚN

Can the Haves Meet the Have-Nots Half-Way?

PENNY LERNOUX

The North-South "dialogue" between industrialized and developing nations more often resembles a Babel. Typical was the empty talk at the most recent United Nations Conference on Trade and Development (UNCTAD) in Manila, at which not a single issue of substance was resolved.

Washington encourages the gabble. Talks between producer and consumer nations frequently bog down in purposeful nit-picking by the Americans, occasionally joined by the Europeans. Dilatoriness is also advocated as a tactic for dealing with the developing nations by David Rockefeller's Trilateral Commission, the exclusive club of politicians and business leaders that so influenced the Carter Administration. Henry Kissinger, a Rockefeller protégé, showed the way by making an art of double-talking the poorer nations when he was Secretary of State.

The Reagan Administration continues the ostrich tradition, although its official statements tend to be even cruder than Kissinger's offhand remarks. Former acting Assistant Secretary of State John Bushnell, for example, endeared himself to Latin Americans by dismissing their pleas for lower agricultural tariffs as "mad visions" and "paranoiac dreams." "Reagan is really more concerned about what Cuba is doing in the international field," he explained.

With Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher pursuing a similarly closed policy in Britain, the likelihood of meaningful dialogue seems remote. Nevertheless, the summit of North-South leaders in the Mexican resort of Cancún this week could produce a breakthrough, if only because Canada and several European countries are coming to realize that such a dialogue is in their interests.

Participating nations at the meeting, which is co-sponsored by President José López Portillo of Mexico and Chancellor Bruno Kreisky of Austria, will discuss four major themes—energy, food, monetary policy and trade. Twenty-two heads of state will attend: eight representing the industrialized world, including President Ronald Reagan; four each from Asia, Africa and Latin America; and two from China and Yugoslavia. Neither the Soviet Union nor Cuba will be represented. The Russians claim they have no problems with the developing nations, and Reagan refuses to sit at the same table as President Fidel Castro. Reagan would have preferred not to go at all, but he

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did not want to offend Mexico. Acknowledging that Cuba's exclusion had been a condition of Reagan's participation, López Portillo salved the Cubans' pride by holding a presummit meeting with Castro in Mexico.

In spite of the marked lack of enthusiasm in Washington and London, the potential of the Cancún conference should not be underestimated. For one thing, it will be informal and pointedly "political." Since no official resolutions are expected to be passed, the participants will have an opportunity for frank discussions. Equally important, with the exception of Mexico, the conference's principal sponsors are European nations, a contrast to most such meetings, which have been forced on the reluctant First World by the developing nations.

The conference has the unqualified support of all seventeen members of the Brandt Commission on North-South relations, including former Prime Minister Edward Heath of Britain. Former Chancellor Willy Brandt of West Germany, who chaired the blue-ribbon body, López Portillo and Kreisky began talks shortly after the commission's recommendations were published last year to insure that they weren't shunted into obscurity like prior reports on development needs. François Mitterrand's victory in France and West Germany's growing alienation from Washington over U.S. policy in El Salvador have given impetus to support for Cancún in Europe, with Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau of Canada as an ally. Brazil, the most industrialized nation in Latin America, also supports the meeting, as do Saudi Arabia, India, Nigeria, Algeria and China.

While it will not be possible to cover the subjects under consideration in two days, the meeting is viewed as a necessary first step toward implementing the Brandt Commission's recommendations, notably an overhaul of the International Monetary Fund (I.M.F.). Though not on the agenda, Central America will undoubtedly figure in the talks. Except for Venezuela, Reagan will find no supporters at Cancún for his policies on Central America, which are either viewed with distaste or openly opposed. Even Thatcher, who can be counted on to help Reagan stall new aid initiatives, has remained prudently silent on the question of how to break the impasse in El Salvador.

The lack of a coherent strategy for a North-South dialogue could prove a distinct disadvantage for Reagan at Cancún, where his glad-handing will be no substitute for clear-cut proposals. Moreover, the President has little understanding of the Third World's needs; in his geopolitics, there is no North or South, only East and West. His dated cold-war vision has had the indirect effect of creating a pro-Cancún lobby in Europe. Most European governments were appalled by the shoddy documentation of the charges of Cuban intervention in El Salvador made in the State Department's white paper. As an example of U.S. "diplomacy" in the Third World, it reinforced the Europeans' conviction that they must forge a centrist consensus that would act as a check on the Administration and prevent future blunders.

Development aid and trade concessions from the industrialized countries have always proved sticky issues in negotiations between North and South, and Cancún will probably be no exception. On the other hand, there is a growing agreement on the need for reforms in energy and monetary policies. Herbert E. Hansen, Gulf Oil's senior vice president for international government relations, predicts that the summit will be a catalyst for talks between petroleum producers and consumers. From these talks, international guidelines might emerge that would insure stable supplies by synchronizing production capacity with estimated consumer demand. The development of long-term alternative energy sources could also be an area for international cooperation, and a proposed World Bank affiliate would set up a $30 billion fund to finance petroleum exploration and other energy programs in the developing countries. To date, the World Bank initiative has been blocked by Reagan and Thatcher, but they might be pressured at the conference to revise their position.

Reagan will also be urged—as he was at last July's summit of the industrialized nations in Ottawa—to reduce U.S. interest rates, which are harming both the Third World and Europe. During a recent visit to Brazil, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs Thomas Enders was sharply criticized for the Reagan Administration's monetarist policies, which the Brazilians say have added $1.5 billion to their foreign debt this year and dampened world commodity prices. The Brazilians also pointed out that the European nations, whose economies have been hurt by high U.S. interest rates, are cutting back on imports from the Third World.

The Brandt Commission's recommendations for restructuring the International Monetary Fund will also receive a hearing at Cancún, again without the support of Reagan and Thatcher. European, Japanese and even some American bankers are concerned about the buildup of foreign debt by the non-oil-producing countries, several of which (e.g., Bolivia and Costa Rica) are on the verge of default. The bulk of Third World debt is owed to private banks, with U.S. institutions holding most of it. The bankers would like to pass the buck to the I.M.F., but because of the harsh conditions it attaches to its loans, which frequently mean drastic

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austerity measures, few countries go to the fund unless they are in dire need. The Brandt Commission wants the I.M.F. to provide loans "in a context of maintaining a long-term social and economic development [that is] not subject to inappropriate or excessive [I.M.F.] regulation."

In response to another frequent complaint of the developing nations, the commission recommended that they have a greater say in I.M.F. and World Bank decisions. Though U.S. influence has been diluted in recent years, both institutions are still essentially Washington banks sympathetic to U.S. political and financial interests. The I.M.F. has, since its founding in 1944, followed a Hamiltonian system of proportional representation based on wealth. As the largest contributor, the United States in effect has a veto over all projects. This dependence on one member has led to manifestly undemocratic voting arrangements. The developing countries, which represent more than two-thirds of the world's people, have only one-third of the votes. Third World directors at the I.M.F. agree that the U.S. representatives, with their veto, are invariably the most "hard-nosed" about concessions to the poorer countries.

But the I.M.F.'s worst failing is that it has become little more than a trade association promoting business for its richest members. Time after time, the fund has discouraged the wealthy elites in emerging countries from investing in domestic manufacturing that would replace imports with locally-made goods. As a result, indigenous manufacturers have been forced to sell out to foreign investors, who also dominate the exporting and banking sectors. Countries that were once agriculturally self-sufficient switched to single-crop production for sale abroad and became importers of food. Technology imported from the multinational corporations created a dependence on foreign-made spare parts, manufactured goods and luxury consumer items. These imports ate up the foreign exchange earned from any exports.

The I.M.F.'s insistence that host countries must place no constraints on foreign investors' profits led to another problem: remittances to foreign companies became the largest item in the balance of payments deficits of many developing nations. As a result, local governments needed more loans. Today, many countries are spending more than half of their export earnings to service their foreign debt, and for some that figure will rise to 90 percent within a decade—a clearly untenable position. (According to one gloomy forecast, by 1985, the non-oil-producing countries in the Third World will be spending $2 out of every $3 they receive in new loans to repay old ones.) While the "debt trap" has forced developing countries back into colonial patterns of trade, the I.M.F.'s austerity formulas have done nothing to improve their domestic economies. By the fund's own estimates, fewer than one-third of the countries that followed its dictates in the 1970s achieved their monetary goals, and then only "with some qualifications."

Brandt contends that this situation cannot continue, and many world leaders agree. "I'm old enough to have experienced twice in my lifetime how wars resulted in hunger," he says. "I would prefer that my grandchildren do not see hunger bring on warlike conditions in all parts of the world."

World Bank statistics show that Brandt is not exaggerating. In 1950, per-capita income in the industrial nations was ten times that in the underdeveloped nations; by 1965, the ratio was fifteen to one. By the end of the century, the bank predicts, it will be thirty to one. In the poorest countries, per-capita income has not risen since the early 1970s. □

Harvard

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

telephone call from someone at the observatory who wanted to meet with an F.B.I. agent in order to provide him with "information of interest to the Bureau." A special agent, "who acts as liaison agent at Harvard, was assigned to interview [name deleted]." At that interview, the informant gave the agent a letter he had received a short time before, which stated, "Someone in the Observatory is distributing or attempting to distribute sizable quantities of Communist literature, real red propaganda an investigating committee would love to pick up." The F.B.I. report continued:

> [name deleted] expressed extreme annoyance at this and stated such activities, if made known to an investigating committee, would add to the woes of Harvard University officials especially in the light of the projected HCUA [House Committee on Un-American Activities, or HUAC] investigation among members of the Harvard University faculty. He added he "well realized Harvard was on the spot" and requested SA [name deleted] to discuss the matter with [name deleted], the original complainant, who was greatly concerned about the matter.

The requested interview was held and reported to Washington.

What the episode reveals, of course, is that two employees of Harvard, in their zeal to protect the university from embarrassment at the hands of a Congressional committee, thought it best to report the "real red propaganda" to the F.B.I. The episode does not, of course, prove they were following university policy.

In another letter, dated December 31, 1948, the SAC in Boston wrote to Hoover:

> . . . it is believed desirable that contact be established with a responsible person or persons within the [Russian] Research Center in order to have an indication of the programs being developed and perhaps have available for review purposes results of these programs. . . . Accordingly, the Bureau is requested to advise what information they [*sic*] may have in its possession relating to the background of the above-named individual [name deleted] and authorization is requested to establish contact with him which contact can be commenced on a pretext basis, developed and expanded providing the circumstances warrant and justify such expansion in the light of

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his interest and availability of information relating to this project.

The potential informant had earlier "stated that he would be pleased to be of assistance or cooperation with the Bureau whenever his services might be desired."

Still another incident: On August 17, 1951, the SAC in Boston sent an extensive report on the Harvard Russian Research Center, based largely on interviews with informants, to Hoover. On page 2, the first half of the first sentence of the third paragraph has been blacked out, but the rest of the paragraph reads as follows:

> . . . while the intention of the Carnegie Foundation was to set up a strictly private research institute, they also wanted a more personal contact with United States government agencies. One of the jobs of [Clyde] Kluckhohn [director of the Russian Research Center] is to obtain pertinent information requested by government departments and, within limits, shape the research program of the Center to the needs of the United States. He cited as an instance of this application [*sic*] the State Department would communicate with him to suggest they were short in certain aspects of Soviet activity. Kluckhohn would then suggest to a graduate fellow at the School that he might do a thesis on this particular problem, making no mention to him of the fact that the State Department was also interested. Subsequently the results of the individual research could be brought to the attention of the State Department.

This is perhaps getting closer to the bone, for the report intimates that Kluckhohn himself may have been one of the F.B.I.'s sources. Even if that were the case, however, it does not prove that it was Harvard policy not to tell scholars that the subjects on which they were working had been suggested by the State Department or some other government agency.

Nonetheless, the foregoing examples, a few among many, clearly establish that the Bureau was interested in obtaining information at Harvard in unobtrusive ways. It is equally clear that the Bureau had sources at the university from whom it regularly obtained information. Confirmation of this is provided in a report dated July 28, 1954, in which the Boston SAC referred to "information provided the Boston Division by other individuals having Harvard Corporation appointments" from which "it appears that Dean Bundy is insisting that former Communist Party members, who now have Harvard Corporation appointments, shall provide the Federal Bureau of Investigation a full and complete account of their activities in the Communist Party and shall at the same time identify all individuals known to them as participating in activities of the Communist Party and its related front organizations."

Still another document, a ten-page report on the Russian Research Center dated April 12, 1949, contains many deletions, in order, the F.B.I. says, "to protect the name and information concerning the activities pertaining to *a confidential source reporting information to the F.B.I. on a regular basis, the release of which would lead to the source's identification.*" (Emphasis added.) Again, we have a confidential informant who provided information to the F.B.I. "on a regular basis."

The documents thus establish that the F.B.I. was interested in Harvard and that it had a variety of sources on campus supplying it with information. But were the connections between the F.B.I. and Harvard similar to those at Yale, that is, institutional arrangements about which the rest of the country was ignorant?

Beginning in June 1950, eight memorandums from the Boston SAC to F.B.I. headquarters suggest that there was indeed some kind of understanding between Harvard and the F.B.I. that had been in effect even before the first of these reports. One document in this series, dated June 19, 1950, a heavily censored memorandum from the Boston office to Hoover marked "Personal and Confidential," deserves to be quoted at length because of what it reveals and the tone in which it is written:

> [three lines deleted] asserted that while the Harvard University authorities were desirous of cooperating with the Bureau, and while the Bureau's interests and those of the university were identical, there was a constant fear that some independent agency of the government might assert itself in connection with the Bureau's records and thus cause embarrassment to the University in its cooperation with the Bureau.
>
> It is noted that as a result of [half-line deleted] on this date, arrangements have been completed for a most cooperative and understanding association between the Bureau and Harvard University.
>
> [name deleted] stated that it was his judgment that many of the conditions existing today, referring to internal security problems, were most distasteful and obviously some action was necessary in order to correct them, but he felt that in most instances the methods utilized in order to effect the correction were not in good taste, and tended in some instances to destroy the real effectiveness of the work done. He asserted that information came to his attention some time ago with respect to a condition involving immorality and homosexuality among State Department employees and he felt that some action should have been taken by the State Department some time ago, with respect to this matter. He asserted, however, that he did not believe that a Senate Investigating Committee was the proper method to be used in order to bring about a correction of this condition. He did not offer any suggestion as to what methods might be utilized in this respect.
>
> [entire paragraph deleted]
>
> As indicated previously, [name deleted] has been most cooperative in his contacts with the Boston Office and this information is provided the Bureau for information purposes with the request that no dissemination be made under any circumstances.

Even allowing for some hyperbole on the part of the Boston Field Office—an overstatement of the magnitude of its relationship with Harvard—the memorandum strongly suggests that many people at Harvard had more confidence in the F.B.I. than in Congressional committees; that some kind of "arrangement" existed between the university and the F.B.I. for the sharing of information; that the F.B.I. was pleased by this display of cooperation, and that Harvard would be embarrassed if some "blundering independent agency of the government"—a Congressional investigating committee, perhaps—were to reveal the universi-

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ty's "cooperation with the Bureau." (Recall that similar sentiments were expressed in the F.B.I. report on the Harvard Observatory, quoted previously. The writers of a number of other letters reached the same conclusions.)

At Yale, we know, cooperation with the F.B.I. reached at least as high as the provost and the secretary of the university. And H. B. Fisher, the school's "liaison officer," boasted of supervising relations with the "one hundred twenty six different investigative bodies who have and are using Yale records and files and faculty for background and information concerning Yale men."

We cannot be certain whether or not Harvard attained a similar degree of cooperation until the F.B.I. releases the remainder of its documents and Harvard releases the first of its. But we do have a few clues as to who some of the informants were. In response to a suit I filed in the U.S. District Court for the Southern District of New York against F.B.I. Director William Webster, the Bureau has submitted affidavits setting forth its reasons for making deletions from documents it released to me and for withholding certain documents entirely. The bulk of the deletions were made to protect informants, and the F.B.I. describes most of these informants as confidential sources "reporting information to the FBI on a regular basis, the release of which would lead to the sources' identification." Thus, the F.B.I. indirectly confirms that these informants provided information on a "regular basis," information so "sensitive" that their identities would be disclosed only on a "need-to-know" basis, even within the Bureau itself. Is it possible to identify these informants more precisely?

In explaining why one document was withheld from me in its entirety, the F.B.I. states that it "was outside the scope of plaintiff's request because it pertains to an invitation from Harvard graduates to the Director," and my F.O.I.A. request sought correspondence from Harvard employees. But my request was not for correspondence relating to Harvard employees but for *all* documents bearing upon the relations between Harvard and the F.B.I. during a certain period. The F.B.I. says that the information it provided me covers only Harvard employees. We may assume, then, that *all* the confidential informants referred to in the documents were Harvard University faculty or staff.

Moreover, some of them held important positions in the administration. On February 9, 1949, the Boston SAC sent a memorandum to Hoover concerning the Russian Research Center. The letter referred to an earlier one, dated December 12, 1947, which had contained "information with respect to individuals associated with the Russian Research Center. . . ." Since the earlier letter, the staff of the center had "greatly expanded":

> It is believed that the results of the work of the international program and the Russian Research Center can be made available to the Bureau officially through a contact with [words deleted] at Harvard University, who has on occasion indicated his respect for [the] Bureau's work and his understanding for its many and varied interests in connection with internal security matters. It appears that a presentation of the Bureau's desire to be informed on such matters to [words deleted] personally would make available the current programs and results of research work of the Center on such basis that the interests of the Bureau would not be revealed to the personnel of the particular program and in that way no possible embarrassment could possibly come as the result of any inquiries being directed in an attempt to obtain material outlines and other items of interest in connection with this matter.
>
> Accordingly, the Bureau is requested to consider the advisability of authorizing this office to discuss this matter with [name deleted] on a discreet and personal basis to determine his reaction to the suggestion set forth above.

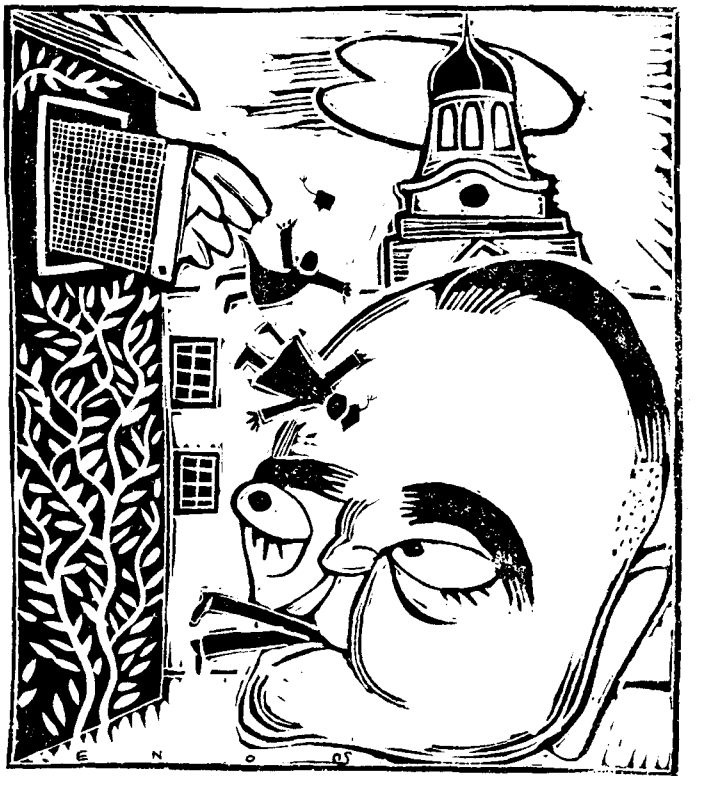
On March 9, 1949, Hoover notified the Boston SAC that the Bureau "is considering the suggestions which you have set forth . . . and you will be informed as to the final decision in the matter at a later date. Until then, it is requested that you take no further action."

On May 11, Hoover wrote to the SAC: "From a review of the material submitted . . . it is not believed necessary that you contact the President of Harvard University, James B. Conant, to secure any further material."

Until all of the parties make all of the relevant documents available, we cannot be sure that the person whose name has been deleted from the Boston agent's letter of February 9, 1949, was indeed President Conant, but from the evidence we have, it remains a nagging possibility.

Conant was a member of an educational policies commission, set up under the auspices of the National Education Association, which issued a lengthy report titled "American Education and International Tensions" on June 9, 1949. The report recommended that Communists "should be excluded from employment as teachers."

Dwight D. Eisenhower, who was then president of Columbia University, Conant and their associates on the com-



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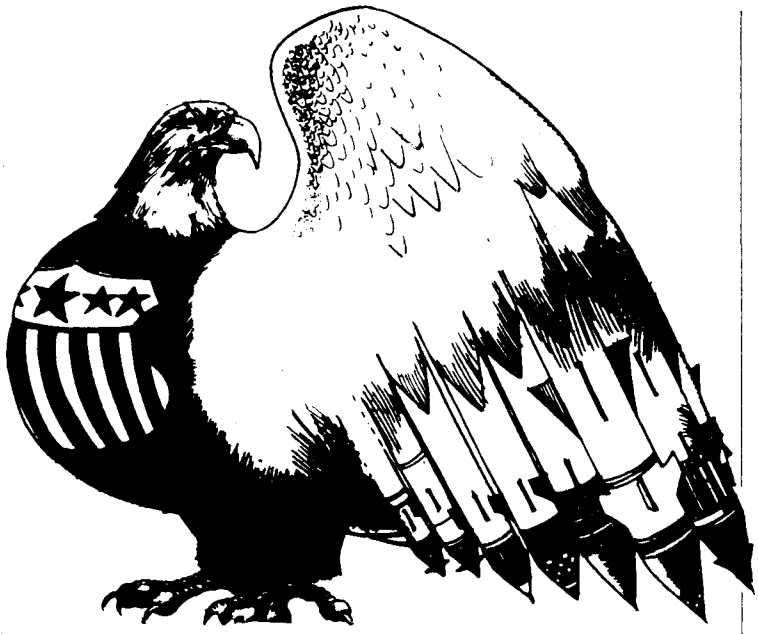

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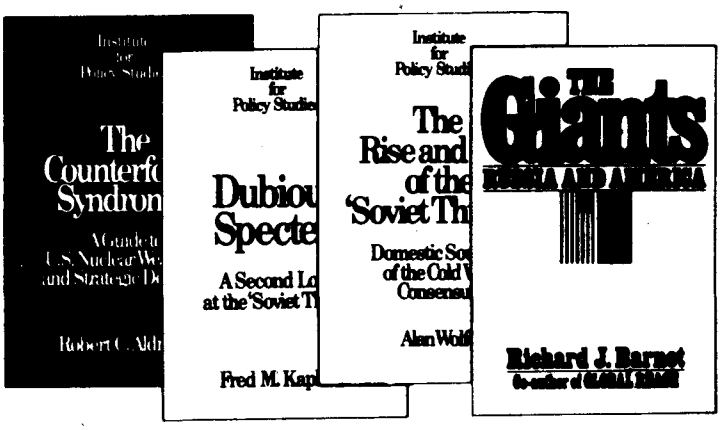
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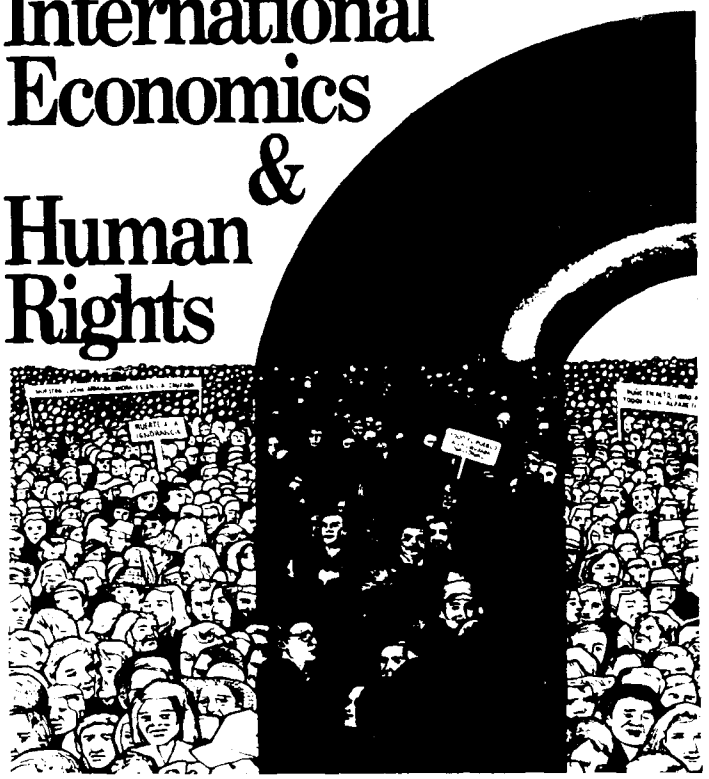

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mission concluded that the exclusion of Communists from the teaching profession, far from being an "abridgement of academic freedom," in fact "would serve a contrary purpose." The report stressed, however, that teachers should not be called Communists "carelessly and unjustly." Such charges, "with their usual accompaniment of investigations, book-burning, and efforts at intimidation," would seriously impair the efficiency of the school system if they became "too violent, frequent, and widespread."

On college campuses throughout the country, the issue of investigations of faculty members—by Congressional committees or otherwise—was becoming more heated. Was the N.E.A. commission articulating a national strategy in which universities would cooperate with the F.B.I. to forestall the intrusion of Congressional investigating committees? We cannot say for sure that it was, but such was the policy at Conant's Harvard—and at a number of other universities as well.

Evidence to support this conclusion emerged at a meeting on December 8, 1954, of representatives of seven universities and two attorneys for the schools with members of the staff of the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation. Harvard was represented by McGeorge Bundy, the dean of the faculty of arts and sciences. Minutes of that meeting, prepared by one of the attorneys, were sent to members of the "Listening Post," an informal committee of university officials. According to the minutes, the meeting was devoted mainly to statements by the university spokesmen on how they were handling "loyalty" questions involving present and prospective faculty members. The points raised during the meeting were summarized in the minutes as follows:

(*1*) No member of the Communist Party nor anyone subject to "Communist discipline" would knowingly be retained as a faculty member.

(*2*) Invoking the Fifth Amendment in response to questions about Communist affiliations was not in itself cause for dismissal, but it did provide grounds for investigating an individual's fitness to teach.

(*3*) These probes should be conducted by faculty members or others responsible to the university.

(*4*) Any derogatory information received by the university "is a basis for an investigation of some sort."

(*5*) None of the universities had a regular investigating staff; rather "they obtain such information as they can from Governmental investigating agencies but find this is of limited usefulness because of the refusal of such agencies to disclose sources."

(*6*) Academic tenure should not protect a faculty member subject to Communist discipline or one who refused to be "completely frank" with a university investigating board.

(*7*) A number of investigations had led several universities to refuse to renew the contracts of nontenured faculty members and to dismiss faculty members with tenure. Other investigations were still in progress.

(*8*) Scholarships and fellowships would not be given to known Communists.

The university spokesmen agreed that in the last fifteen years, there had been a fundamental change in the investigative procedures used by their schools as a result of a greater awareness of the problem of Communist infiltration; they also agreed that some of their recent difficulties would not have occurred if "present-day investigative procedures had been in effect" earlier. These new procedures, the spokesmen insisted, must be continued to guard against subversion and to retain public confidence "in the integrity of the universities and of the teaching process." One of the members of the joint committee staff said that a law requiring all present and prospective faculty members to take an oath that they were not members of the Communist Party or under its discipline would be useful because it "would bring the FBI and the Department of Justice into operations which the universities now have to undertake." Others present, however, argued that both the Department of Justice and the F.B.I. "are not today following up and prosecuting cases which the universities have already handed over to them under existing law. . . ." (I am indebted to Columbia University for granting me access to the Central Files in Low Library, where this document may be found.)

Since many universities refuse to release documents relating to this period, it is difficult to reach conclusions from the F.B.I. material obtained under the Freedom of Information Act. But it is better to raise questions about the available evidence than to keep the book closed on this dark chapter in the history of academic freedom, as many would like to do.

When I began my research, I believed, like most people, that the universities were powerful sources of opposition to McCarthyism and that the F.B.I. was an unwelcome visitor on campus. Indeed, I envisioned a besieged university, surrounded by walls that an insidious enemy was trying to breach in order to penetrate the sanctuaries of decency, a metaphor that still dominates our view of higher education in the late 1940s and the 1950s.

Available F.B.I. documents do not warrant the conclusion that university administrations during the McCarthy period were eager partners with the F.B.I. But partners they were, of a sort. The relationship between the Bureau and the universities was not adversarial; the sanctuary did not have to be penetrated. The relationship was symbiotic. Each tried to get from the other what it felt it needed to survive. The F.B.I. needed victims to appease the politicians, just as Aztec priests needed sacrifices to propitiate their gods. To the universities, cooperation with the F.B.I. served to stave off what was considered a more dangerous know-nothingism on the part of Congressional committees. Those who, like Alexander Meiklejohn, rejected the purge, both philosophically and politically, were rare; more common were the James B. Conants, who held themselves aloof from the witchhunters but followed a notion of *realpolitik*—based in part on the conviction that Communism posed a mortal threat to their institutions, in part on their desire to safeguard them—that required them to go part way with the purgers in order to justify not going all the way.

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The F.O.I.A. documents show that the relationship between Yale and Harvard—and no doubt other universities—and the F.B.I. was not solely a matter of decisions made by individuals. It was institutional in character; officials in high places made policies on the basis of which subordinates exchanged information with the Bureau. Those same documents show a powerful effort by both parties to conceal their ties. Yet the universities did not avail themselves of the argument used by so many at the time—that they were simply doing their patriotic duty. Was this because they were uneasy about violating academic and professional norms—that the real sponsors of research projects should not be concealed, for example; that the openness required of a scholarly organization is different from the dissembling required of an intelligence-gathering apparatus; that using political criteria to purge the faculty runs contrary to the idea that appointments and tenure should be made solely on the basis of competence?

For the universities to have concealed what they did is disturbing enough, but it can probably be explained by the passions—and fears—of the McCarthy period. What is harder to understand is why many universities still draw a veil over activities that took place more than a quarter of a century ago. Even if one believes that the position they took then was wrong, it was understandably wrong. Is the revelation of historical facts more dangerous than the continuing concealment of the truth? On December 9, 1977, fifty years after the execution of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, Harvard University opened the papers of former President A. Lawrence Lowell, who had headed a commission that concluded that the two anarchists had received a fair trial. On the same day, the *Harvard University Gazette* announced that the university had decided to retain its rule barring access to Harvard Corporation records for a period of fifty years after their deposit. This means that the files relating to the McCarthy period will remain closed until the next century. I have asked President Derek Bok to give qualified scholars access to this material, but he has refused to do so. He also denied me permission to quote from his letters to me, but I can quote from my letters to him. On April 24, 1980, I wrote President Bok:

> The judgments of history do not pronounce doom; they allow us to close the case and therefore to get on with the business of living. May I appeal to you, in that spirit, to open the Harvard archives to qualified scholars? In so doing, you would be rendering a service to your university, to your calling, and to your country that would entitle you to—and assure you of—the admiration and respect of all those who place morality above expediency.

The most disturbing thing about the cooperation between the F.B.I. and the universities is not what it reveals about the past but the persistence into the present of a myth about that relationship—a myth that distorts our knowledge of what we were and what we are, of what we once did and of what we can do, a myth that both the Bureau and many university officials continue to cultivate. Compare, for example, the ringing conclusion of Prof. Seymour Lipset's study of education and politics at Harvard:

> . . . as McGeorge Bundy once explained of Harvard, "the extraordinary freedom . . . was sustained . . . more by the universal commitment to the ideal of excellence," than by anything else.

with the chilling report of the SAC in Boston to J. Edgar Hoover:

> It is noted that as a result of [half line deleted] on this date, arrangements have been completed for a most cooperative and understanding association between the Bureau and Harvard University.

Twenty years ago, Otto Kirchheimer wrote: " . . . one might nearly be tempted to define a revolution by the willingness of the regime to open the archives of its predecessor's political police. Measured by this yardstick, few revolutions have taken place in modern history." Kirchheimer's gloomy conclusion seems to be in need of some revision. It has not taken a revolution to pry from the government's political police at least some of its secrets, only passage of the Freedom of Information Act. But the passion for secrecy that Kirchheimer found characteristic of political regimes seems, at least in this case, as strong as ever in some of our private universities. □

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Writers

(*Continued From Page 397*)

gle. We applaud not the artistic triumph but the deprivation that preceded it. God forbid you should do it brilliantly and successfully the first time out. We believe so strongly that knowledge comes from pain that we assume knowledge *is* pain. I am not convinced. For a true genius, it may be easy.

But pain has become *part* of what we mean by excellence, by achievement. It's such a loved picture—the alienated, isolated, individual writer, beleaguered but fiercely alone. A loved picture, but a truly lethal one. Because if we buy it completely, it keeps us single, weak, disconnected, vulnerable. Ours is a special kind of work. The solitude we need in order to work can be used against us to play up our view of ourselves as loners. Our work is special also because we cannot display it on our own; we need an establishment to publish and distribute it. And our work is vulnerable because we have no sovereignty in the industry that we nourish—we have no real place in the business of our business.

And as lone individuals we never will have. Even as heroic individual writers we will never have it. Publishing is a competitive, profit-making industry committed to competing for more profits. And I suspect we would despise it if it were anything else. It is a system that does what it does best because it has had practice at doing it. It is a system that works when it works—and does not work when it doesn't. And it is important to remember that it works the way it does because it is permitted to.

We live in an age of advanced capitalism, disintegrating into banditry. And being published in that atmosphere is debilitating. It tempts us into games devised by other people for more other people; into definitions of our work culled by other people; into professional and personal antagonisms that benefit other people; into knee-jerk vindictiveness; into vanity without pride; into celebrity without status; into a quisling acceptance of the "given-ness" of the marketplace.

Romanticized and misapplied, individualism keeps us self-indulgent. It keeps us ignorant of contracts, of money, of benefits, of rights, of how the partnership between author and publisher ought to work, of the areas that threaten both publisher and writer. It keeps us in an adversary relationship at certain junctures where such a relationship is counterproductive. Individualism can also keep us dependent on foundation largesse, grants, fellowships, campuses, cloisters and handouts. And if things go on in this manner, individualism will idle us—it will keep us from the work we have chosen to do. The political philosophy of the country chants its love of individualism, the nature of our work makes us prize it, and the corporate compulsion of the industry fosters it.

But it is not as individuals that we are abused and silenced; it is as writers. When the gates close, the keeper will not ask whether we wrote for private gratification or public service. He will simply slam down the bar. When books are plucked from shelves or thrown into bonfires, be quite clear on one point: the flames will destroy criticism *and* fiction, poems *and* history, the eclectic *and* the popular. And the work of a writer who took a lifetime to do one perfect poem will burn just as fast as that of a hugely successful Gothic novelist. When libel suits are filed, the evidence will not turn on whether we were funded by public or private funds or whether our families lent us a tide-me-over.

We may be dreamers or scholars, we may need tranquillity or chaos—we may write for posterity or for the hour that is upon us. But we are all workers in the most blessed and mundane sense of that word. And as workers we need protection in the form of data. Who are we? And how many? What do we earn? What is earned off us? What are we entitled to?

We need protection in the form of structure: an accessible organization that is truly representative of the diverse interests of all writers. An organization committed to the rights of the few. And we need protection in the form of clarity, a knowledge of the limits of individualism and the private, indulgent suffering it fosters. We have to stop loving our horror stories. Joyce's *Ulysses* was rejected fourteen times. I don't like that story; I hate it. Fitzgerald burned out and could not work. Hemingway despaired and could not work. A went mad, B died in penury, C drank herself to death, D was blacklisted, E committed suicide. I hate those stories. Great works are written in prisons and holding camps. So are stupid books. The misery does not validate the work. It outrages the sensibility and violates the work. All that those stories mean is that solitude, competitiveness and grief are the inevitable lot of a writer only when there is no organization or network to which he can turn.

We need what I believe we have: 3,000 writers gathered together. To insure freedom of expression we need collective power. If we achieve it, it means our destiny will not leap or languish at the whim of public taste, academic fiat or paraded ignorance. We are already at the barricades. Perhaps that is because what we do is not entirely secular. The emotion that print can produce, the association of the word with superhuman power, drags us to the barricades whether we wish it or not. Anyone writing a primer on oppression would identify writers first and early as those to be watched. And they would be right. Language is holy. To destroy a culture you first denigrate its language. You prohibit its spoken use and limit its printed form. You screen it and filter it until it accommodates itself to the presiding language, the one that has the biggest navy and the most guns. To control future generations, you must control the word and the books that contain it.

We don't need any more writers as solitary heroes. We need a heroic writers' movement—assertive, militant, pugnacious. That is our mission and our risk: we have chosen it. It is also our power: we have earned it. If just one resolution comes from this Congress, let it be that we remain at the barricades where we belong. We must be more than central. We must be sovereign. TONI MORRISON

Toni Morrison is the author of Tar Baby *and* Song of Solomon *(both Knopf) and an editor at Random House.*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

'Human Unsuccess'

RICHARD HOWARD

W.H. AUDEN: A Biography. *By Humphrey Carpenter. Houghton Mifflin Company. 495 pp. $15.95.*

With how much skill, and considering the provocations with how little scandal (though not without surprises), Humphrey Carpenter has managed to track W.H. Auden from Yorkshire to Oxford, from Berlin to Iceland, from Spain to China, from New York to Ischia, from Kirchstetten back to Oxford! Carpenter has had an extraordinarily volatile subject to account for, as poets go (usually poets stay—Auden left), and to my sense of it as a loving reader of Auden's work and as one of the American poets Carpenter describes as "seeking Auden out" once he made his residence in New York City as a U.S. citizen, how splendidly Carpenter has made his accounting. I have but two cavils, or questions, one serious and one I hope suave, which I must air at once so that I can get on with the important business of detailing my admiration.

The serious question concerns the tone and temper—the aftertaste, really—of Carpenter's treatment of Chester Kallman. Though scrupulous with regard to fact ("It is possible, though there is no evidence for this, that the timing of Auden's conversion was the result of his relationship with Chester, and that until he had settled down to a steady homosexual 'marriage' he could not have contemplated returning to Christianity"), I believe the portrait of this difficult and gifted man suffers because from it has been withheld precisely the vigorous and deliberate sympathy that so enhances Carpenter's delineation of Auden himself. The impression I get from this version of an intimacy which endured—which *was endured*, according to Carpenter—more than thirty years is that Auden-as-Oscar managed to persuade *his* Lord Alfred Douglas to live (though not to sleep) with him, whereupon followed all the nastiness from which we are invited to flinch. So eager has Carpenter been to convince us that here was Auden's one abiding (and betrayed) love, his fatal fixation, that he has not troubled to sketch in many of the satisfactions of such a relationship—perhaps he believes that there were few. Yet reflecting on all I have seen and heard (I first met both men in 1949, have known many of their friends well and published Kallman's third book of poems in the Braziller Poetry Series in 1971), rereading Kallman's letters and poems, and considering the amount (and the quality) of work the two poets produced together ("Collaboration," Kallman wrote me in 1970, "is neither the work of Auden nor Kallman, but of a strange hybrid that I have named The-Beast-with-Two-Fronts"), I think it is correct to say that Carpenter has not lived up to the standards he himself has set for the rendering of conjugal lives in his earlier (and excellent) biography of J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis and Charles Williams, *The Inklings*. It is precisely the forbearance and the fairness of Carpenter's portrayals of Mrs. J.R.R. Tolkien, of Mrs. A.E. Moore (who lived for thirty years with C.S. Lewis) and of Mrs. Charles Williams that I should have hoped for in his reckoning of Kallman. Instead, the aftertaste is a distinctly brackish one, the judgment from outside merely. Kallman was not easy on any of us—and perhaps not easy on Auden either; yet were there not, say in the first twenty-five years of that life so oddly shared, possibilities and indeed realizations of virtue and value that Auden himself was always eager to claim, to acclaim?

My second question is secondary, but of interest in the matter of biographical manners. In discussing homosexual occasions, Carpenter uses such terms as *cruising* and *trade*, but always within quotation marks, adding footnotes to explain these apparently recondite expressions. It seems to me that if he is not comfortable with such a vocabulary

Richard Howard's translation of Baudelaire's Flowers of Evil *will be published next spring by David Godine.*

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(one that Auden delighted to believe he had naturalized to some degree), the biographer ought to use such straight locutions as *looking for sexual partners* rather than hold a distanced language with tongs. Perhaps I am being too picky in these matters, for to a gratifying extent Carpenter's urbanity is at the ready in the rest of the text, where surely it must have been severely tried in many instances; but if we alienate the language in which we narrate our neighbor, do we not thereby alienate our neighbor as well?

Carpenter begins his richly detailed biography with an assertion of his own "huge admiration" for Auden's poetry, and his last-page thanks are to Auden himself "for living a life that has been such a pleasure to write about." Between that admiration and that pleasure falls the life recounted. It is neither tragic nor asphyxiating, but to me it reads, for all the stupendous achievements registered and all the emblematic glamours acknowledged, as *terrible* —an existence devoured by a succession of self-imposed dogmas to create that final face, the photograph of "Auden in the late 1960s" on page 337, which I find not only harrowing but rebarbative. As he says in that poem about the insects, such lineaments "are to us simply what we must never become." If Auden had not insisted that each of us are responsible for the face we wear after 30, one might not be so appalled, but after reading Carpenter's book, there can be no mistake: *ecco la miseria*! The appearance is not deceptive, and the eccentricities are not merely rebellion against too-early toilet training, nor is the day-to-day helplessness merely lovable. Hannah Arendt, whom Carpenter quotes tellingly and whom Auden asked to marry him in 1970, has the deepest insight, of course:

> What made him a poet was his extraordinary facility with and love for words, but what made him a great poet was the unprotesting willingness with which he yielded to the "curse" —the curse of vulnerability to "human unsuccess" on all levels of existence; the crookedness of the desires, the infidelities of the heart, the injustices of the world.

So carefully laid out, without gloating of any kind, is the dread tableau—the "chemical life" of Benzedrine every morning, of Seconal every night; the loss of the very few friends he was so proud of, e.g., the *brouille* with Benjamin Britten; worst of all, the crippling routines that finally became an embarrassment even to their inventor, their prisoner: "So obsessive a ritualist/a pleasant surprise/makes him cross"—that I think there is a danger in this good book, there is a menace in the very modesty of its aspirations. ("It is not a book of literary criticism," Carpenter notes. "I have not usually engaged in a critical discussion of Auden's writings.") As we may already have gathered from such gleeful reviews as that of the daily reviewer in *The New York Times*, it is now so easy to condescend to Auden's biography—as to any man's, any woman's, Mr. Leonard —that we may overlook why we are reading such a narrative of life-defeats in the first place. One should not, perhaps, read this book until one can pass a proficiency test in Auden's collected poems. When there is a glint of the sensational on almost every page, and when the horrors and abjections are attached to the most revered and resonant names of our time (Stravinsky: "soon we shall have to smooth him out to see who it is"), how easy, and how wicked, to forget the cause of our reading.

For ultimately every wretchedness, every absurdity and every tyranny may be seen, must be sensed, as the source of a power as well as the consequence of an impoverishment. To write the poems Auden wrote, all of it was necessary, drear and dread as it seems, as it sounds.

Here, then, it would be well to mention Prof. Edward Mendelson's big new book, *Early Auden* [see Robert B. Shaw's review, *The Nation*, August 8-15]. A specifically literary study which is concerned with the poet's production to the year 1939, it exploits with exemplary discretion the kinds of animal *tristesse* so rife in Carpenter's life-study, but does so in order to inform us as to the origins and aims of the poems. Mendelson reaches some very harsh conclusions about much of Auden's early work (I agree with him, though I wonder if he will be so enthusiastic, in his forthcoming second volume, as I am about the later poems), but his is the sort of criticism that can never permit us to be merely dismissive, merely condescending because of *what we know* elsewhere. The peril of Carpenter's enterprise is that we forget, in the diligently taped hum and buzz of such exposures, what we are listening for underneath:

> That singular command
> We do not understand,
> *Bless what there is for being,*
> Which has to be obeyed, for
> What else are we made for,
> Agreeing or disagreeing?
> ("Precious Five")

And if I sound a cautionary note about Carpenter's biography—the defect of its virtue is the virtue, as it were, of Auden's defects—at the same time I must render a better justice to that virtue; there is a great festivity in this book, and it accumulates (indeed it recuperates) an immense amount of charm, wisdom and that apprehension of the oncoming which we punningly call *learning*. For instance, the growing image of Auden-as-schoolmaster is one of Carpenter's triumphs. All the skill gained in his treatment of the matter of Oxford—Tolkien, Lewis, Williams, Starkie, etc.—is deployed to advantage in accounts of Auden's classes at the various academies where he lodged, however erratically, for the delight of his students and the Muses' profit. Another satisfaction—the first time I have ever felt I understood the mutations of the case—is the account of Auden's religious history. Carpenter, who has just written a short life of Jesus, is entirely at home in the Protestant *gestus*, and it is here, far more persuasively than in the sensational tolerance extended to Auden's sex life, that I feel he has come to terms with his subject's inwardness; and the terms he has come to are complex and rewarding —from Rimbaud to Kierkegaard, from Freud to Paul, from the confessed objective of being a great poet to the imagined likelihood of becoming an Anglican bishop ("politically liberal, I hope; theologically and liturgically conservative, I know").

I have met, reading this book, a number of astonishing human beings, and of course none more so than its ostensible subject. What must be remembered is that Auden is merely its object, and that its subject must ultimately be that vast responsibility of forms he has bequeathed to us in his great poetry. I am grateful all over again to Humphrey Carpenter for his refreshment of the terms on which Auden lived among us; just living in the same city with him, knowing he was there, was for me, as he put it in another connection, ever so comfy. □

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The Misanthrope

FRED HALLIDAY

AMONG THE BELIEVERS: An Islamic Journey. *By V. S. Naipaul. Alfred A. Knopf. 430 pp. $15.*

Two years ago, I found myself breakfasting alone in a large, once-prosperous Teheran hotel. Until the day before, I had been staying with friends, but one of them had just been accused by an Islamic newspaper of complicity in a C.I.A. plot. It wasn't true, but neither of us felt truth would help much if the Revolutionary Guards appeared at the door in the middle of the night. So I left in a hurry and ended up in this hotel. The manager was all too keen to offer a traveler with foreign currency a handsome discount.

My solitary breakfast was interrupted by a tense conversation taking place behind me. A man speaking with an upper-class English accent was pleading with a guide from the Iranian Ministry of Information. "Surely there is something in your country you can show me," he was saying. "I have come because I want to understand your revolution." The guide was unmoved. The English voice persisted: surely there was an interview, a visit to a place of historic interest or a public meeting, that could be arranged? No, the guide insisted. It was Friday, the Moslem day of prayer. Nothing could be done. Finally the voice, by now exasperated, suggested that they could at least look at Teheran's architecture. But the guide stood his ground. Perhaps he knew that Teheran, like Madrid, had been chosen by a new dynasty as its capital precisely because it had little previous history. It was a hideous modern cipher.

At this point, I thought I might be able to help. About a mile away, on the grounds of Teheran University, a million people were gathering to hear the Friday prayers. The urban poor were demonstrating their right to enter this former bastion of what to them had been an alien and elite culture. There would be political speeches. The leading figures of the revolution, Ayatollah Khomeini excepted, would be kneeling at prayer in front of the vast crowd of *mostazafin*, or deprived.

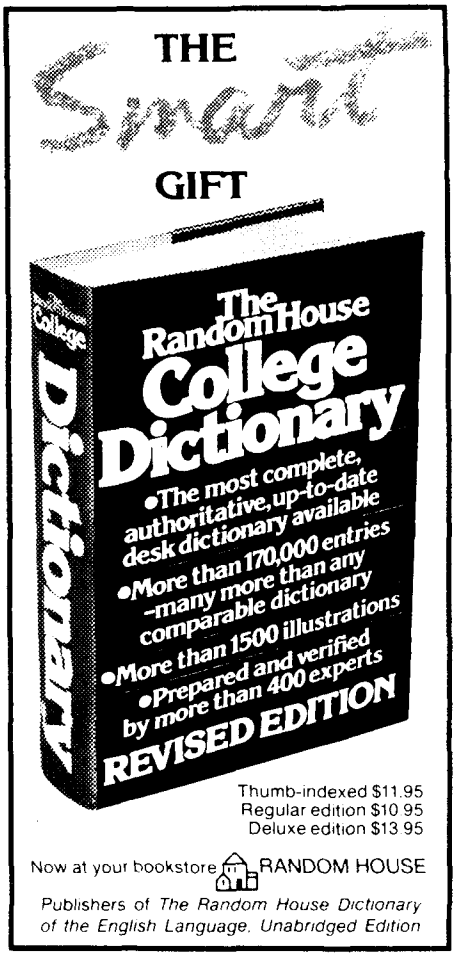
I turned round to offer this suggestion. Seated facing each other were two men. On the one side was a young man, tieless and with a growth of beard, the Islamic revolutionary bureaucrat personified. Across the table was an inquisitive face familiar from many a dust jacket. It was V. S. Naipaul. However, my offer fell on stony ground. There is nothing so annoying as the intrusive expatriate coming between oneself and the people one is trying to understand. Naipaul deflected my tentative suggestion and disappeared into the elevator.

This encounter does not appear in Naipaul's new book, *Among the Believers*; there is no reason it should. But the details of our hotel are there—the desolate mezzanine room where we had breakfast, the taxi drivers lounging outside. He even counts the number of guests—twenty-eight of us. He also recreates the atmosphere of August 1979, when the political spring of Iran's revolution came abruptly to an end. Liberal newspapers were under attack, the offices of left-wing groups were sacked and Phantom jets bombed the Kurds.

Eventually Naipaul did go to a Teheran University prayer meeting. He also went to Qom and met Ayatollah Khalkali, the hanging judge—a kind of Moslem Caligula—whose clowning cruelty he captures well. He visited Ayatollah Shariat-Madari, then as now Khomeini's leading religious opponent. Six months later, Naipaul returned to Teheran to find the political climate even less inviting. The offices of the opposition press were finally closed, and political controls were much more severe. The world's attention was focused on the anxious carnival of the U.S. Embassy and its hostages.

Iran is one of the four countries that Naipaul visited during his inquiry into the Islamic revival. Given their less charged political atmospheres, his investigations of the other three—Pakistan, Malaysia, Indonesia—are more thorough. While it is helpful to emphasize that four-fifths of the world's Moslems are not Arabs, it is a defect of this book that Naipaul did not include an Arab country, for the Arab world remains the core of Islam. Yet

Fred Halliday is the author of Arabia Without Sultans: A Political Survey of Instability in the Arab World *(Vintage) and* Iran: Dictatorship and Development *(Penguin).*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even had he done so, it is doubtful whether Naipaul would have altered his general conclusion: that the Islamic revival is a dangerous and vacuous phenomenon, a mobilization of blind faith, intellectual casuistry and sheer rage. After visiting an Indonesian village, he writes: "This late-twentieth-century Islam appeared to raise political issues. But it had the flaw of its origins—the flaw that ran right through Islamic history: to the political issues it raised it offered no political or practical solution. It offered only faith."

Themes familiar from Naipaul's two books on India reappear here, though now he is evidently on less secure ground. There is the persistent emphasis on the ambivalent relationship of Third World intellectuals and politicians to the West—their passionate rejection of it, which is often coupled with envious admiration. There is the same tangential method of inquiry—the extraction of reality from a chance encounter, from a desultory conversation, from the titles of books left lying in someone's room, even from the petty vexations of travel.

There is also the a priori skepticism which, as in his books about India, frames and sours an often acute observation. Naipaul is frequently right when he reminds us that developed countries have no monopoly on evil and deception, and that the Third World has its share of nationalistic cant, shallow ideas, religious liars, sadistic representatives of the masses and hypocritical men of principle. He is also acute when he points to the deep cultural and intellectual poverty that can underlie and confirm the more tangible indexes of deprivation. Such observations often provoke outrage among his readers, yet this outrage occludes the gruesome facts, whether or not the occlusion is motivated by a well-intentioned solidarity with the Third World.

Despite its perspicacity, Naipaul's pessimism is also self-defeating. It so overreaches itself that his voyage becomes depressingly predictable, a repetitious uncovering of folly and vanity against various exotic backdrops. This novelistic method does not encompass political explanation; what disappears from Naipaul's world is purposive action—the attempts by honest and committed people to improve the societies they live in and to find some balance between their indigenous cultures, with their particular strengths and weaknesses, and the culture of the West. Khomeini may not understand the need for such a balance, but there are many who do, and they are not simply the damaged, empty, blindly faithful of Naipaul's field of vision. His story contains much that will reassure the *bien pensant* in New York and London, not least his equation of the faith of the Islamic revolutionaries with that of the Iranian left. Yet if his criterion is that of a "political and practical solution" to the problems of the modern world, then, like it or not, there can be no such equation. Islamic radicalism is incapable of forging a viable socio-economic structure in the Third World; socialism evidently can, and with considerable success. From Peking to Havana, that lesson is clear enough.

His pessimism and his impressionistic approach also lead Naipaul to miss some of the most significant aspects of the Islamic revival, or, better, since the countries differ so much from one to another, Islamic revivals. For while no workable political system can emerge from the poetic vacuity of the Koran, the Islamic movements are quintessentially about politics, and political power is something the Khomeinis, Zia ul-Haqs and other Islamic leaders understand all too well. In Iran, Naipaul misses how important a factor the *clergy's* victory was and is; in shrouding the whole revolution in doubt, he misses the historical significance of what remains one of the most extraordinary events of this century—the success of Khomeini's bid for power, backed by millions of people. Naipaul also misses the role that Islam plays not just in the fantasies of intellectuals but in the ideological consolidation of Third World states. The generals of Islamabad and Jakarta have good reason to thank the Prophet for perpetuating their cruel regimes.

They also have their external allies to thank, and this is another dimension that Naipaul does not see. He is right to recognize the shortsightedness and ambivalence of much anti-Western rhetoric, but he does not tell us why, at the level of the masses, the West is so thoroughly rejected, why in Iran, for example, millions of people did rise up to reject Western policies, values and allies. The reason is quite simply imperialism, something Naipaul's much admired Joseph Conrad understood very well. Naipaul underplays or perhaps misses the forms of foreign domination to which the Islamic revival is a deeply felt, if catastrophic, response. His Polish precursor understood matters in the Third World somewhat more accurately, and perhaps therefore with a little more hope. □

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Without Priests or Freud

GEOFFREY STOKES

COLLECTED STORIES. *By Frank O'Connor. Alfred A. Knopf. 702 pp. $20.*

Attempting to explain the Irish affinity for the short story, critics have been overly fond of the *shanachie*. Thus the potato-headed condescension from Charles Poore decorating the jacket of Frank O'Connor's *Collected Stories*: "One of the great Irish storytellers. . . . " Not so. Though O'Connor often read his stories over Irish national radio, he was one of the great Irish story *writers*, a compulsive and even finicky craftsman who put a ten-page tale through thirty or forty drafts before letting it escape him, and that for only a moment or so. Rather like Auden endlessly tinkering among his poems, O'Connor took each major republication of his work as a chance to sneak in yet another revision. There is an illusion of spontaneity, a sense of overheard pub talk miraculously being as wonderful as the Irish Tourist Board would have us believe it is, but only an illusion:

> Father Whelan was a tall, stout man with a broad chest, a head that didn't detach itself too clearly from the rest of his body, bushes of wild hair in his ears, and the rosy, innocent, good-natured face of a pious old countrywoman who made a living by selling eggs.
>
> ("The Shepherds")

> Always in the evenings you saw her shuffle up the road to Miss O.'s for her little jug of porter, a shapeless lump of an old woman in a plaid shawl, faded to the color of snuff, that dragged her head down on to her bosom where she clutched its folds in one hand; a canvas apron and a pair of men's boots without laces. Her eyes were puffy and screwed up in tight little buds of flesh and her rosy old face that might have been carved out of a turnip was all crumpled with blindness.
>
> ("The Long Road to Ummera")

In those brief passages—each opening an early O'Connor story—one sees his hallmark: the precise and homely description pushed to that far border where the slightest false step will tumble reader and writer together into either bathos or blarney. The trick—and it is more a wire-walker's than a magician's—appears at first to be merely linguistic, the outrageous comparisons apt enough but flashy. And sometimes, even in this collection of revisions of revisions, they are so. Consider the description of Peter Daly from "My First Protestant":

> Peter had something in common with a submarine. He was a handsome lad with an enormous brow and bright blue eyes; he sometimes saluted you with a curt nod, but more often cut you dead, being submerged. For weeks he sat in his room, reading with ferocity, and then suddenly one night decided to come up for air and a little light conversation and argued like a mad dog until two in the morning. That, the Dalys said flatly, was what reading did for you.

The submarine, once O'Connor had struck upon it, must have been nearly irresistible, but the passage is flabbier than the first two. The metaphor calls too much attention to itself, requires too much explanation. Finally, with the appearance of the (presumably damp) "mad dog," it slips away entirely, leaving behind only a needless bit of purple on the green. By contrast, for all the exuberant recklessness of their language, the first two are lean and functional, plunging us headlong into the heart of the stories that follow them. To a great extent, "The Shepherds" is *about* the transplanted rural innocence of Father Whelan, and Abby Driscoll's rootlike attachment to the old ways lies at the core of "The Long Road to Ummera."

Perhaps O'Connor captured those qualities so tellingly because he always lived with them. Though both stories appeared in his first collection, *Guests of the Nation* (1931), he was still worrying at their themes when he died in 1966. Throughout the sixty-seven stories in the current volume, O'Connor seems haunted both by the perils of innocent good intentions and by the loss—indeed, the systematic destruction—of Ireland's past. The reasons surrounded him, to be sure, but lay within him as well.

In 1903, O'Connor was born, as Michael O'Donovan, into grinding

Geoffrey Stokes is a staff writer for The Village Voice.

THE APOLOGY

Hurt dogs crawl under a bush.
A hurt friend circles the house,
refusing to look in.
He makes a grave commotion in the yard
and the jay elevates the clamor of *betrayal*,
betrayal, flashing its shiny
edges from the pine.

You call through the glass.
No answer.
He's busy with his curses,
scuffing up a froth of dandelions—
isn't this what you wanted,
your own grievance, that sets the table
with one white plate?
Water on stones,
horses dozing upright in their stalls,
the pink of a weak sky—recalling
the tertiary theme of some great work,
you cross the grass, moving toward him
the way one greets an animal,
extending the hand.

Ellen Bryant Voigt

Ellen Bryant Voigt is the author of a book of poems Claiming Kin *(Wesleyan). She has recently completed a second volume,* The Forces of Plenty.

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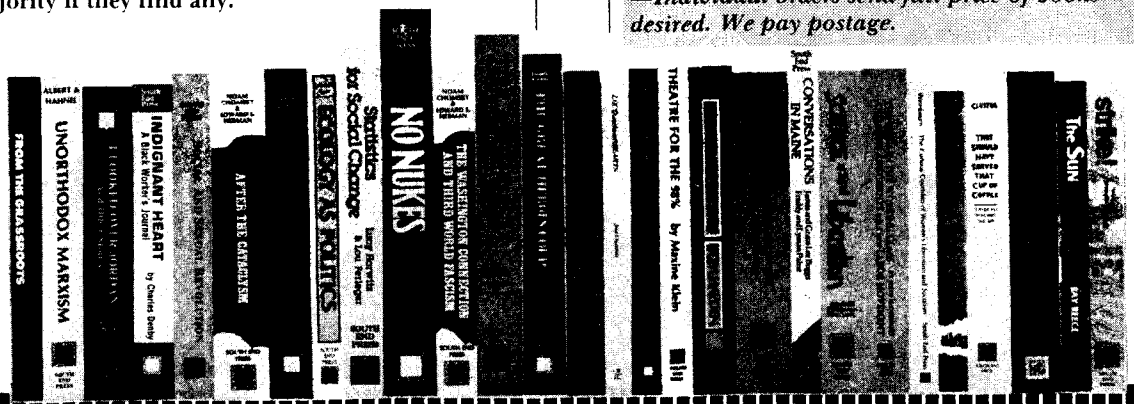

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tenement poverty in Cork. Inevitably, he left school for work at the age of 14; unexpectedly, his school years had been blessed by contact with Daniel Corkery, the poet and critic who was a de facto provincial missionary for the Gaelic revival. Romantic Ireland was, at least in theory, alive in his classroom. And from the distance imposed on the young O'Donovan by age, it appeared to live in Dublin in April of 1916 as well. But O'Connor was too young for the Easter Rising, and too young for the "real" war that followed it—the Black and Tan skirmishes of 1918-19. By the time he took up arms on the Republican side, the battle for Ireland's future had become a bitterly fratricidal civil war. Good intentions, as they so often would in O'Connor's stories, had dropped a clanger.

O'Connor was eventually captured and interned, to be released only after the Free State's illusory "victory" in the war that is still being fought. Skeptical of revolutionary discipline—he had been among a handful of internees who had refused to follow orders to take part in a hunger strike—he was appalled by the fruits of postrevolutionary Irish nationalism. The Free State was smug, provincial and priest-ridden; the Jansenist hierarchy that had been driven from France to Ireland in 1789 had grown steadily more insular during more than a century of English suppression and was now firmly in the saddle.

Through the 1930s, O'Connor lived among the dwindling remnants of the Irish Revival. He taught the Irish language, brilliantly translated Irish poetry, became Yeats's protégé and worked as secretary of the Abbey Theater. But much as he loved it, and much as it informed his English, Irish remained a language foreign not only to O'Connor but to all the sweeping changes promised by internationalist writers of Irish English. To borrow the distinction he later used to contrast Yeats and Joyce in *The Backward Look*, O'Connor mourned Cuchalain, but he chose Parnell.

Once he had accepted the hard fact of Cromwell and opted for Ireland's present—even her future—O'Connor almost immediately fell under the censor's ban as a writer of dirty stories. They are hardly that (O'Connor was a cruel disappointment to me when I first challenged the Irish Christian Brothers' warnings and covertly read him in the *public* library), but they are often awash in sex. Even in his liberation, however, the twin pincers of Romantic and Jansenist Ireland nipped at O'Connor, for the sex in such stories as "The Mad Lomanseys," "News for the Church" and "Judas," from *Crab Apple Jelly* (1944), is implicitly Pauline. Women are warm, strong and sensual temptations to overeducated and repressed "good Catholic" men. "This was a nightmare," says the narrator of "Judas." "Kitty, whom I had thought so angelic, talking in cold blood about 'spooning' with fellows all over the house. Even the bad women in the books I had read didn't talk about love-making in that cold-blooded way. Madame Bovary herself had at least the decency to pretend that she didn't like it."

O'Connor was never able to escape the Pauline notion entirely (though after his American sojourn—an economically induced exile that began in 1951—he was able to present it as but one among a variety of views), but he stood it on its head. The sensual women, those "natural beings," were good; the pinched and parched men who denied their own sensuality along with the women's represented the worst sort of evil. This crude Freudianism is hardly the most rigorous intellectual construct, but when banged repeatedly against the mass of near-naturalistic detail O'Connor brought to his portraits of quotidian Irish life, it struck fire.

Still, as the half-ironies of "My Oedipus Complex" and "The Study of History" testify, O'Connor never quite trusted Freud, regarding him as something of a toy to be played with. "The American Wife," a story written after O'Connor's return to Ireland in the 1960s, is set in Cork, "where the men stood in perpetual contemplation of the dangers of marriage, like cranes standing on one leg at the edge of the windy water." Tom Barry has, at the age of 35, finally entered the waters with Elsie Colleary, a visiting American woman. Soon afterward, he is talking in his kitchen with his best friend, 40-year-old Jerry Coakley, who "had an old mother who insisted on putting on his socks for him." They are discussing Elsie's attempts to marry Jerry off: " 'She thinks you have *problems*,' said Tom with a snort. Elsie's favorite word gave him the creeps.

" 'She wouldn't be referring to the mother, by any chance?' "

O'Connor created his art from the present because that was all there was, but he never stopped longing for the Celtic past. Even Bishop Gallogly, in "The Old Faith," has a good word to say for "the ghosts and the fairies and the spells," and in such well-known stories as "Peasants" and "The Majesty of the Law," O'Connor gives full life to the generous, pagan, communalist Ireland of his dreams—an Eire without priests *or* Freud. In that sense, at least, he stayed true to Yeats, and this brilliant collection shines not only with the light of his language but with the fire of a romanticism more timeless than reactionary. □

FILMS.

GREG MITCHELL

Kurosawa: A Retrospective

A great director, some critics contend, should be judged on the merits of his best work and forgiven his *Zabriskie Point*s. By this standard, Akiri Kurosawa could have surrounded *Ikiru, Seven Samurai* and *Dersu Uzala* with pure nonsense and still have been assured a place among the greatest creators of cinema. To be sure, Kurosawa has often missed his mark. But between his masterpieces and his failures he has produced a remarkable body of excellent (if not quite classic) films, all of which bear his distinctive stamp of existential humanism and most of which have not been widely distributed in the United States. The chance to view these little-known films, and to place them in the context of his forty-year career, makes the first complete American retrospective of Kurosawa's work, which opened at the Japan House in New York City on October 9, an important event.

The retrospective, sponsored by the Japan Society's Film Center, runs through December 20. Each of Kurosawa's twenty-six films will be screened two or three times. The series arrives during a pause in Kurosawa's latest upswing. Ten years ago, after the disaster that was *Dodeskaden* and the director's subsequent suicide attempt, it appeared that Kurosawa would never

Greg Mitchell is the author of Truth and Consequences: Seven Who Would Not Be Silenced, *to be published by Dembner Books in November.*

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make another film. His "comeback" began with the Academy Award-winning *Dersu* and culminated last year with the critical and commercial success of *Kagemusha*. Now, at the age of 71, he is tackling a project he has tried to get off the ground for many years: an adaptation of *King Lear* set in medieval Japan. (It has been twenty-five years since he turned *Macbeth* into *Throne of Blood*.)

The nature of the critical response to *Kagemusha*, which included the top prize at the Cannes Film Festival, indicates once again that Kurosawa has become a figure more respected than admired or analyzed, someone to be treated more as a "master" than as an artist. Many writers are content to call him "one of the two or three greatest living film makers" (more in tribute to his age and tenacity, one suspects, than out of affection for his recent films) and let it go at that.

Kurosawa simply lacks snob appeal. He has been cursed, in a way, with being so accessible, so popular. *Seven Samurai* and *Rashomon* are the first Japanese films almost everyone sees; many never see a Japanese film made by anyone else. In recent years, critics have championed the more obscure Kenji Mizoguchi, Yasujiro Ozu, Kon Ichikawa. Like the hollow "living director" tribute, the critical assessment "the man who brought Japanese cinema to the West" often seems a way of avoiding a detailed appraisal of Kurosawa's career. Treated in this way, Kurosawa is no longer a maker of monuments; he becomes a monument himself.

The Japan Society retrospective provides an opportunity to pierce the acritical shell that has formed around Kurosawa's work. If the audience cares to look past *Rashomon* and the samurai epics, *Yojimbo* and *Sanjuro*, they will find two films that nearly match Kurosawa's best and half a dozen others that are exquisitely made, most of which are more overtly political than his widely known work.

No Regrets for Our Youth and *Drunken Angel* are stunning achievements. *No Regrets* (1946), Kurosawa's first great film, did not receive its New York premiere until 1980. Based on a true story, it is one of Kurosawa's few films with a female protagonist. The young woman, Yukie, hasn't many political concerns—she is involved in piano playing and flower arranging—until some of her Kyoto University friends and her father, a professor, are locked up in 1933 for being leftists. (Kurosawa himself ran with a Marxist crowd in *his* youth.) When her husband, Noge, another activist, is executed, she flees the city to work on his parents' farm and overcomes the suspicions of the villagers in an inspirational Eisenstein-style ending.

Kurosawa has called *Drunken Angel* (1948) "a film in the Dostoyevsky manner." (Three of Kurosawa's films—*The Idiot*, *The Lower Depths* and *Dersu Uzala*—were based on Russian literature.) Takashi Shimura plays an alcoholic slum doctor at odds with a charismatic gangster (Toshiro Mifune, in his first starring role). The doctor should be the hero, but as so often happens in Kurosawa's work, the "villain" becomes the focus of the film. Kurosawa has said that these switches—also evident in, among others, *High and Low* and *Stray Dog*—happen spontaneously during the making of his films.

High and Low (1963) is an effective thriller based on an Ed McBain novel. An ethical businessman (Mifune) raises enough money to finally buy his own business—but then the son of his chauffeur is kidnapped and he has to decide whether to use the seed money as ransom. This being Kurosawa, you know what Mifune will do. What's surprising, however, is that once the ransom is paid, the perspective of the film suddenly shifts from "heaven" (Mifune's house on a hill) to "hell" (the kidnapper's slum apartment).

In *Scandal* (1950), Kurosawa goes after the Yellow Press. The film features an effortlessly sexy Mifune—on his mo-

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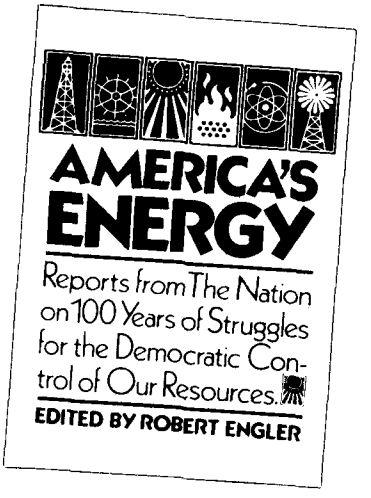
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torcycle he is a Japanese Marlon Brando or James Dean minus the menace—as a young painter embarrassed to find his photograph in a *National Enquirer*-type tabloid. Takashi Shimura plays his lawyer, a ragged, unethical man who rises to the occasion; the film is a fascinating trial run for Shimura's famous characterization in *Ikiru*.

The Bad Sleep Well (1960) is a sharp, if uneven, thriller about corporate corruption which includes one of the director's best scenes: a wedding cake indicts a killer. Among Mifune's most extraordinary roles is that of the elderly man in *I Live in Fear* (1955) who is so afraid of the atomic bomb (in postwar Japan) that he decides to move to Brazil. This is a sometimes over-earnest but inventive portrait, and the film is one of Kurosawa's most impassioned. *Sanshiro Sugata—Part I* is an exciting martial arts film remarkable for two things: It was Kurosawa's directorial debut and he somehow did it in the middle of World War II.

I like each of these films (and *The Lower Depths*, for that matter) as much as the more celebrated *Yojimbo*, and more than *Red Beard*—a technical marvel marred by a sluggish script. Most of the films that I have not mentioned deserve attention mainly from archivists. *Sanshiro Sugata—Part II* will make its U.S. premiere at the Japan House, but it is said to be quite awful.

A final note to *Star Wars* fans: In the highly entertaining *Hidden Fortress* (1958), which takes place during a time of civil war, Mifune helps a princess escape across enemy territory. Along the way, two peasants join in the effort, bickering humorously all the way. George Lucas has reportedly acknowledged that R2D2 and C3PO were inspired by these characters. Perhaps that explains why Lucas (along with Francis Ford Coppola) helped finance *Kagemusha* when companies in Japan would not, rescuing Kurosawa from forced retirement. The Kurosawa retrospective will dramatize what a loss that retirement would have been for the rest of the world. □

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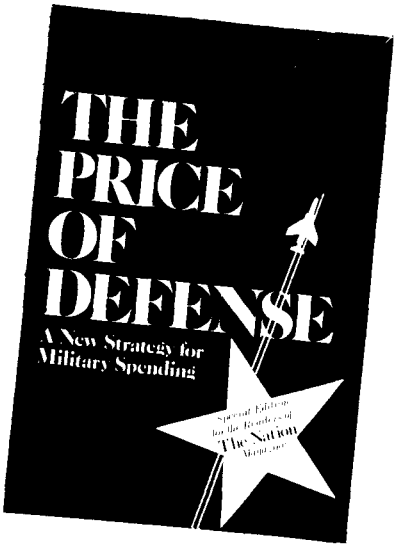

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■	■	■	R	■	■	■	O	■	■	■	I	■	■	■
C	O	N	S	I	D	E	R	■	D	E	S	I	S	T
	L	■	■	■	A	■	T	■	E	■	C	■	L	
H	I	S	T	O	R	Y	■	I	L	L	E	G	A	L
	V		O		K		W		I		R		V	
L	E	S	S	E	E	■	A	D	V	A	N	C	E	D
	R		C		S		V		E		E		S	
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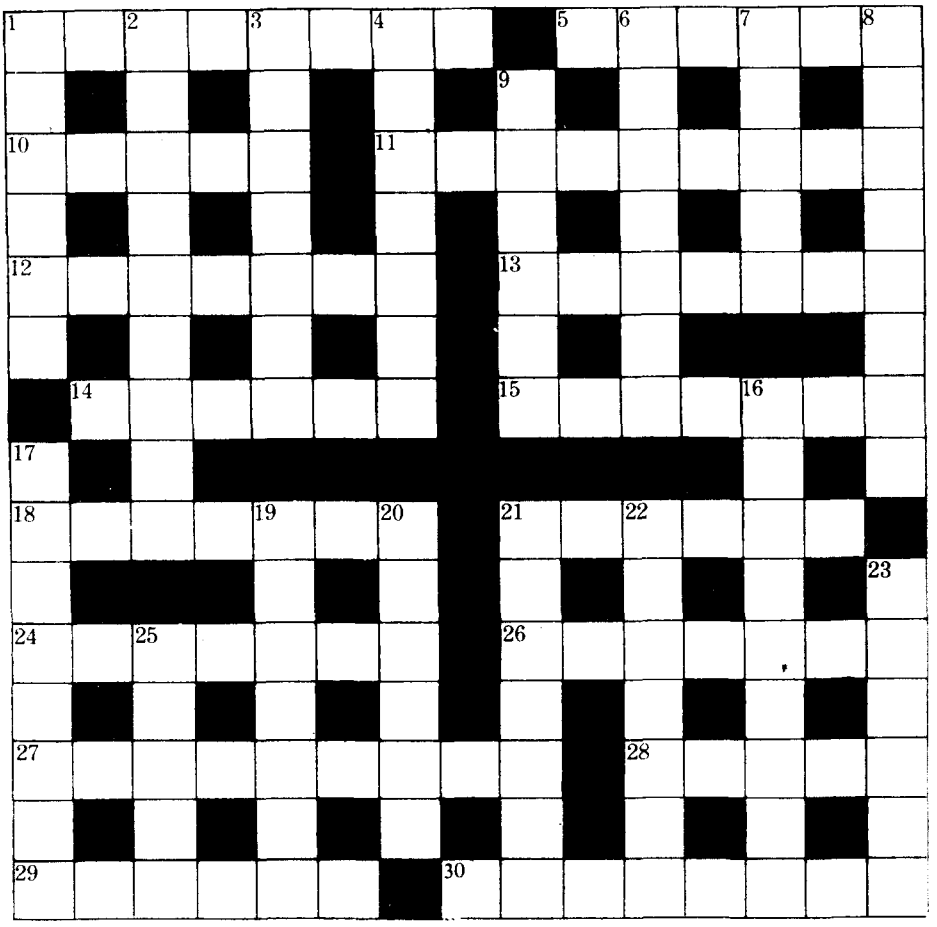
X-523

Crossword Puzzle No. 1887

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 5 Shorten part of the nose—many like to have a hand in it. (8,6)
10 Was one had in play by 9 down? (5)
11 Reputedly a one-time striker. (9)
12 A short 24 perhaps, but you can get a good deal out of things under pressure this way. (7)
13 University environment made difficult in the service, perhaps. (7)
14 A meeting place for trial in the street. (6)
15 It's physically difficult for a headless bird to pull back. (7)
18 Can beat a low pair, and doesn't hesitate to show it! (7)
21 and 2 down Would a no-no be typical of them? (Or do they imply bad films?) (6,9)
24 Only a 12 of the story of what one might take on a ship. (7)
26 In desperate need, the deed might be decreed to be so. (7)
27 Devoted admirers are sold it, possibly. (9)
28 Make up for this shortly after midnight. (5)
29 Commonly talked a lot about what some soldiers were in WW-I. (6)
30 Tries to conciliate reputed look-alikes in copies of it. (8)

DOWN

1 See 17 down
2 See 21 across
3 Start all over again to teach climbing skill, being in control. (7)
4 and 25 down Act as director, of sorts, perhaps saying "a little to the right" or maybe "a slug of rye." (4,3,5)
6 Describing an actor's circle—when the old sailor comes up on deck. (3-4)
7 An effort to raise money for a little trip? (5)
8 So-called intellectuals urge what sometimes comes up with flippers. (3-5)
9 Is part of the big "U" an American type—South American or Caribbean, perhaps? (6)
16 It is possible, but a lion's washing is ceremonial. (9)
17 and 1 down Double piano, by location in the mall, as some now say. (8,6)
19 Issue with a bad name possibly etched on it. (7)
20 Tennis players and raisins both might be. (6)
21 People sometimes do for certain parties. (The other direction would imply a reprimand.) (5,2)
22 How to run a war evidently shows what some people are, when "out." (7)
23 Those who put two and two together are sometimes considered dangerous. (6)
25 See 4 down

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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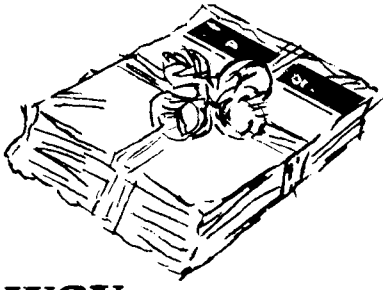
Now, Cook! now, FitzGerald! now, Sherrill and Trillin! On, Koren! on, Doctorow! on, Vonnegut and Feiffer!



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